POEMS
ON
The Four Last
THINGS:
VIZ.

I. Death.
II. Judgment.
III. Hell.
IV. Heaven.

Learn to live well, that you may dye so too;
To live and dye is all you have to do.
Sir *J. Denham.*

LONDON:
Printed and sold by *Thomas Ballard*, at the Rising-Sun in *Little-Brittain*. 1706.

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THE AUTHOR To his BOOK.

In Imitation of *Ovid*.

Parve (nec invideo,) &c.

Ovid. Trist. Lib. 1. Eleg. 1.

GO, little Book, Whilst I lament
My wretched Fate and Banishment,
Alas! I fain would Sociate thee;
But that would add our Infamy,
For thou, unhappy Child, will be
The Pastime of the Mobile,
Because thou art not drest up Fine
In gawdy Style nor purple Rhime,
Nor yet perhaps in any Page
Hast any thing can please this Age.
Thou art too plain a Country Boy
T' attract the Beauish-Critic's Eye

The Author to his Book.

With vain Delight, or's Fancy pleaſe,
Since thou goeſt to reprove his ways.
Nor can'ſt thou hope he'll entertain,
Or thank thee for thy Love and Pain;
But rather in deſpite become
A Rock or Sand to ſplit thee on.
Yet ſome, no doubt, ſedate and wiſe
Will Welcome thee, and Patronize
Thy Care and labour, and approve
That free and gentle Motive, *Love*.
And if ſuch mind thy rural dreſs,
They'll take it from my Penſiveneſs.
And ſo they rightly may. For why?
To ſee the World in Ruin ſye.
Then go, my Book, and in bold Strains
Exhort it from its future Pains.
And if it ſhou'd enquire of thee,
Who ſo condoles its Miſery;
Return I live, but keep my Name
From the Malicious Breath of Fame.

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POEMS

POEMS

ON THE Four Last Things, &c.

The Invocation.

OF those Four Things conceal'd from Humane Gust
Whilst Men lie Labouring in the Toil and Duſt,
Which they with Partiality muſt ſhare,
As they in Life have weigh'd their Actions here,
Inſpire my Faltering Muſe to ſpeak, Great Trine
Who art in Heaven ſo Glorious and Divine.
Thou moſt Majeſtic and Coelestial King,
To whom ten Thouſand Angels Bow, and Sing,
And with Inceſſant and Melodious Strains
Hoſannas ſound, throughout th' *Elyſian* Plains;
Who didſt in curious Form all Things Create
From a Diſorder'd and Confuſed Heap,
And by thy Supreme and Almighty Power
Didſt meaſure out the Time by Day and Hour;
And like a moſt incomparable Prince
Haſt in their Order preſerv'd them ever ſince;

Brieze on my Undertaking, in each Line
Let thy auſpicious Aid with Glory ſhine;
And let my bold advent'rous Sonnet raiſe
To thee a Trophy of Eternal Praiſe,
That I at laſt may Pyramid my Gain,
By Caſting Anchor on thy Glorious Name.

And thou Triumphant, only Son of God
Who cam'ſt from Heaven unto our wretch'd abode,
Stooping the Glory of thy Majeſty
To Grief and Shame and Death, to ſet us free,
That envious Satan might no longer Reign,
Nor after tie us to his Helliſh Chain,
If we with Diligence would but obey
The ſmall Injunctions thou didſt on us lay,
And now in Heaven doſt like a Council plead
To fix a Crown of Glory on our Head.
O boundleſs Love! to beg our Liberty,
When we aſſiduouſly did Murder thee.
Such Love invites me to invoke thee here,
That I may only to thy Glory ſteer,
And that thou wouldſt in Goodneſs condeſcend
To guide the Pinnace of my roving Mind,
That ſhe may thro' thy Happy Conduct come
With a full Cargo of thy Praiſes home.

And now thou Spirit, who once deſcending came
The Faithfull Witneſs of our Saviours Name,
In the mild Image of a Turtle-Dove,
That certain Omen of Coeleſtial Love,
And with thy pretty Cherub-Wings o'r-ſpread
The Divine Greatneſs of his Sacred Head,

BRITISH MUSEUM 75 72 APR

By whom the Lord did sweetly utter down,
This is my Glorious and Beloved Son;
Instruct my Muse and let her only tread
Where chiefly Vertue does advise and lead,
And what thou find'st Opacous and Obscure
In her by Grace make Luminous and Pure.
And likewise grant, O Lord, that I may reach
The Altitude of what my Poems teach;
Unlike, I doubt, too many now a days
Who talk of good, but live contrary ways.
Which makes me wish that what I Write may be
An Exhortation to Mortality,
To shun that Minion *Vice* the Gazing Croud
So highly Honour and Proclaim a God;
Whilst harmless *Vertue*, Innocent and Poor,
Must be rejected and turn'd out of Door,
That Pretty, Charming and Compliant Miss
Who feign would draw us to eternal Bliss;
But all in vain, the others Gawdy show
We follow Headlong to eternal Woe.

From which, O Spirit! of thy abundant Grace
My Soul preserve.

A General POEM.

WHat daring Boldness tempted me to Write
And Wing'd my Pen with a Poetic Flight?
Was there no Milder Subject I cou'd chuse
To be the First-born of my Infant Muse

Than *Death*, whose Grim and Formidable Shape
The Wisest Mimic in the World can't ape;
A Jealousy that lodges in the Mind
And like a Bug-bear terrifies Mankind?
And yet how few regard him till he Stings,
Thinking in Absence he no Sorrow brings.
But when the Gastly Hieroglyphic stands,
And with a dreadful awe their Lives Commands
To pay a Visit to his Mortal Cave,
(A daunting Sentence to the Stout and Brave)
Their Fears relapse; and the Impenitent
Stifles with what his Conscience does Comment
Upon his former Impious Acted Life
Stuff'd up and Crowded with Debauch and Strife,
And finding that his Time that's left, but short,
Fain wou'd Repent, had he Occasion for't;
But if the Pains of *Death* he blusters through,
He's then no more, and so all's well enough.

But after Death the dreadful *Judgment* comes,
Where all receive their true Impartial Dooms
By a strict Sentence from a Judge severe,
At whose Tribunal all the World appear.
The Trumpet Sounds, the Dead rise from their Graves,
The greatest Kings as well as meanest Slaves,
To give Account for every Hour Mispent
Or well employ'd, as if by order sent
To be Condemn'd or Justify'd, as they
Did the Commands of the great Judge obey.
But who is he that Merits a Reward,
Unless a Penal, from the Supreme Lord?

For all the Obedience that a Man can shew
Is not the half of what he ought to do.
Tho' thro' God's Mercy we discharge our Debt
By Diligence, we are but Debtors yet:
And should not Mercy Justice far exceed
Damnation we should have for ev'ry Deed.
Then with what Face can that Impenitent
Name'd before, his Evil Cause present?
Or what excuse can that vile Creature make
Who Heaven defies, nor fears the *Stygian* Lake?

Hell is his Doom. Thus will the Lord respire,
Depart from me to Everlasting Fire.
O fatal Sound! For ever plung'd in Flame
Does not thy Conscience startle at the Name
Of that dire Cataract? Wrapt in Despair,
For Hope was not design'd the Damned's Fare.
Confin'd for ever to live unreprieved,
Not Pitied nor Respited, nor relieved
To endless Ages, for a short liv'd Bliss
That's here and gone, e're you can taste what 'tis.
Inexorable! in vain thou may'st invoke,
Condemn'd to Demons roll'd in Boyst'nous smoke,
Who will instead of pitying thy hard Fate
Accuse thy Loss with an Invenom'd Hate.
This is the Comfort a-roun *Dis* returns
To these poor damned Souls it's Sulphur burns.
But what does he acquire whose Thoughts accord
And keep the Precepts of the Living Lord,
Whose Works are Just and Streight and does detest
All other ways but what will make him blest?

No short liv'd Tasts but an Immortal Bliss,
Nev'r fading Joys, and what eternal is.
The *Heaven of Heav'ns*, that High Imperial Throne
Of the great King of Kings, *The Three in One.*
O inexpressible and ravisht sight
To live within the Happy Realms of Light,
Viewing a Face Majestic and Divine
That does the Lustre of the Sun Out-shine!
Altho' transcendent, yet the Eye's not cloy'd,
By ever Gazing, ev'r Unsatisfy'd.
The Glorious Cherubims adorn his Seat
Myriads of Angels bowing at his Feet,
Who with a Heav'nly Voice proclaim aloud,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord Almighty God.
Who would not suffer here, there to obtain
Such Sov'reign Glories for a future Gain,
Which Aromatic Extasy will bring
With Joy and Peace in a continual Spring?
Sweet Perpetuity! O splendid Glory!
Such dear Recesses and not Transitory!
Can any hear of this and not desire
The lovely Sun-shine of the Gospel Fire
To burn the ill Remains of Worldly Strife
And warm their Souls to Everlasting Life?
Lord, by thy Love my sinful Soul convey
Up to thy Glorious Throne.

POEMS

On DEATH.

Omnes una manet Nox.

Hor. Carm. Lib. 1. Od. XXVIII.

The Induction.

NOw sing my Muse that Palesac'd Skeleton
Which all Men fear but none can Shun,
The Sordid Parent of curs'd Jealousy
Preserv'd alone
By Masacres of Plagues and Ills,
And's nev'r at ease unless he kills
And cuts Life down,
Or with Malignity dispoils the Joy
The World affords, and back again
Shews it contemptible and mean
And all our Tricks and Policies in vain.

The Fear that Blasts our earthly Sweets
With damn'd Remorse
Or what is worse,
Despairing Fits:
And like a dreadful formidable Fiend
Encroaches on the Mind
Filling the Head
With certain and continual Dread,
Of ever dying till we're Dead.
With Life born first,
And after Nurst
Thro' the Meanders of our Infancy
By Discontent and Misery,
And when to Man's Estate we're grown
Maugre all Pow'r still guards us on,
Through each Degree to our declining Years
In greater Jealousies and Fears:
Imbittering the dear Repasts of Mirth
With his grim Picture in each Breath,
And will not his ov'r-friendly Favours leave
Untill he turns our Earth to Earth,
And dogs us to the Grave.

Psalm LXXXIX. *Verse* 46, 47. *Paraphraz'd.*

FRail Men, remember how your time is short:
Time as a Rudder rows you towards the Port
Of gastly *Death*; he steers without delay,
A few Leagues more convey you to the Bay.

Then you must part with all your Pomp and Pride
And those vain Trifles you in Life enjoy'd,
And to each idle Folly bid adieu,
Which you admir'd, and fondly did pursue:
'Tis not your tazled Wigs, nor foppish ways
Can add one Minute to prolong your Days;
Those will against your Souls like Judges rise,
When dead, to Damn you to Eternities.
But wherefore, Lord, hast thou made Man in Vain,
Just to be born, and so to die again?
And when thou'st given him one luscious taste,
Depriv'd him of it, e're he knows he has't?
Impetuous Creatures, to Expostulate
With Divine Providence, which did Create
All Things in Wisdom! Bold Men, let this suffice,
You're too inquisitive and God more wise.

Are you by Nature fond of Earthly Bliss
And think it better than Cœestial is?
And would you never die? Alas! Who's he
That lives and vainly thinks he shall not see
Pale, Meagre *Death*? If one, h' has poorly got
This Epigraph, *Man vainer than his Thought.*
For can the strongest Man his Soul reprieve
From Hell's devouring Hand, or it relieve
When 'tis descending to th' Infern Abyss
And mount it to a State of Happiness?
No. 'Tis by the Lord alone we can evade
The dreadful Terror of *Death's* Sable Shade.

On the shortness of Life.

MAcedon blest! go modulate the Praise
Of thy great *Phillip* in triumphant Lays;
For few acquire those Principles that be
Cou'd justly boast of in Minority.
All Men are Thinkers, with Ambition they,
But he did Reasons Basis rightly weigh,
Search'd Nature out, and found his Sublime Power
Gave him but Notions of delapsing lower;
And therefore ev'ry Morn was call'd upon,
Remember Noble Sir, you're but a Man.
Now what is Man but frailty wrapt within
The Troubles of the World and Wiles of Sin.
Like foreign Birds that come to Winter here
And live solicitous with awful Fear,
Dreading the Sight of each approaching Eye
Tho' undiscern'd to be an Enemy;
Thinking recluse and solitary Shades
The best Apparments in their Frigid Glades
And that most free and genuine Grove that brings
Uninterruption to their fatigu'd Wings:
But when with anxious Care they've safely past
The Brumal Season, all their Care's to hast
With Expedition to their Native Clime
According to their known appointed time.
Thus with a short and an unquiet stay
As *Death* had swept 'em they're all flown away

'Tis

'Tis so with Man, if Upright *Job* says true,
Who's *full of Trouble and his Days are few.*
Death swallows up the time that he has enjoy'd,
And follows him as quick as Vernal Tide
To such the short remainder of his Days
Which ev'ry flitting Hour behind him lays;
And will if he make but a small delay
Devour his Life to rid him out oth' way.
For what is Life? 'tis ev'n a rolling Bubble
Continually involv'd in Pain and Trouble,
And as a Vapour that short Vigour shows,
Then drops its Lustre like the Damask Rose.
And what in this vain World can you possess
That does deserve the Name of Happiness?
The *Pellean* Youth who did the Globe bestride,
When done, sat down, and wept dissatisfy'd:
Then sure if after such great Conquests he
Did mourn to think 'em all but Vanity,
Ye poor Plebeians, your's must needs be so
Which are far less and therefore vainer too.
* "Begin to live let your Behaviour show
"What an Advantage 'tis to think and know:
"For this alone we Life may justly term,
"To live with ease of Mind, without Concern.
"An hundred Years in Grief and Anguish spent
"Are not long Life but a long Punishment,
"For Sighs, Complaints, and Groans, and mur-
"muring Breath
"Are but the Gasps of a more ling'ring *Death.*

* *Epist. Enchir. Cap. 74.*

Then

Then ſhorten not your Days, ſince it appears
That ſweet Content can only give you Years.
Why ſhould you toil t' acquire a ſilly Gain,
That ſhews it ſelf untrue, and you more vain?
For could you gain the World Content's not there
You're only loaded with more Grief and Care;
And when the height of your Deſigns you've got
You ſtill muſt die; and you but die, if not
Is it not better than to live in eaſe
With little, than with more to end your Days?
Since when you have acquir'd the wiſht-for Ball,
You know not whether you muſt live at all,
Survive one Minute to enjoy the ſame;
Or hear the Lawrel Triphies of your Fame;
Or your Poſterity may fail and there
By your depriv'd of a ſucceeding Heir.
E're you can live a Thouſand Dangers lie
To ſpeak you Objects of Inconſtancy,
And on your Foreheads write, Mortality.
For oftentimes the tender Nurturing Womb,
To its dear Infant proves a fatal Tomb.
But if you're born the Suff'ring Mother's Pain
Endangers Life, 'tis well if Life ſuſtain;
And 'tis a hazard that you raiſe of Death
E're you reſpire the ſweet reviving Breath.
Yet if you live in your weak Infancy
If once neglected, Lord! how ſoon you die!
And ſhou'd you paſt your tender Years ſurvive,
You then to pain and Miſery arrive;
For your whole *Life is but a Warfare* here
By Nature prone to Trouble, Grief and Care.

If

If you of *Death* one battery escape,
A second comes clad in a fiercer Shape,
Which with an Epidemic Dart occides
The Vital Thread that in your Breast abides:
For tho' *Patroclus* fall'd, *Ulysses* may
Return a Victor and regain the Day.
You can't propose unto your selves one Hour,
Wherein you may defy *Death*'s killing Pow'r;
He walks with you and dogs a sliding step,
That he may knock you down, e're you rise up.
Then Sirs, be careful how you live and do,
For *Death* soon comes, and God alone knows how.

But some may think that Honour, Pow'r and Wealth;
Will give them Immortality and Health;
Yet 'tis not Honour can give length of Days,
Nor soon lost Pow'r nor Wealth immortal Bays:
Those are but grosser Vanities of Life
Which set the avaricious World at Strife,
For the most noble that a Man can be
Is but an Emblem of Fragility.
Have not the *Cæsars* and the *Pompeys* dy'd,
Those warlike Heroes who the World enjoy'd
And Heaven and wiser Providence defy'd?
What Honour, Riches, and what Pomp and Pleasure,
What Friends and Pow'r, and what abundant Treasure;
Have those great Monarchs had: and fondly Thought
By such like Pow'rful Vanities they got

Im-

Immortal Lives, at least Immortal Names,
And with Eternity to stamp their Fames,
They'd be as God's adorn'd; (alas!) to gain
Eternal *Death* and an immortal Pain.
For the real Essence of a God should be
Immortal Being to Eternity;
Yet they for all their high blaspheming Pride,
Immerg'd and rev'ling in Delights have dy'd.
The conqu'ring Boy to whom the World did bow
Would be a God, (therefore oth' Idol crew)
Yet dy'd a Mortal, almost in Childhood too.
And sure 'tis Madness to think otherwise,
Since ev'ry hour unveils grim *Death*'s Disguise.
For can't the great Creator of the Earth,
Who by his Pow'r and Goodness gave you Birth,
And breath'd into your Nostrils Vital Breath
Recal your Lives and visit you with *Death*?
Then why should you without all Reason think
To live for ever when on *Lethe*'s brink?

In adverse Mood, some think (their Paine t'
Enhance)
They come by Nature and they live by chance.
Bigotted Atheists! for a Nobler end
Your strange corporeal Fabrics God design'd,
To speak his Heav'nly Glory and to raise
Eternal Trophies of eternal Praise
To his egregious Goodness, which to ye
Gave an Angelic curious Entity;
And that you should your own Salvation gain:
But not to be Luxurious and Vain

In

In frivolous Delights which vainly may
Your Senses please, but yet your Souls betray.
For the time comes unknown when your weak Breath
May be repuls'd to everlasting *Death*.

Lord, teach me so to numerate my Days
That I may Wisdom seek.

On the certainty of Death.

HEav'ns chief Supreme and universal King
To our first Parents Skins of Beasts did bring
To cloath their Nudity, and represent
From Disobedience th' ill acquir'd Event
Of dire Corruption and Mortality
That they'd deduc'd on their Posterity:
So we their sinful Off-spring sadly bear
Death in our Members with assiduous Care.

If your nice Stomachs but refuse the Meat
That does your carnal Spirits Renovate,
Mortality with a percepting Ear
The fatal Summons suddenly can hear,
And a Subservient readiness to shew
Will wait your leisure and associate you:
Or if your Blood its agitation lose
It does your Bodies to *Death*'s Pow'r expose,
Or if your Lungs Asthmatical become
That brings you to your Everlasting home.

Thus

Thus *Death* your brittle Lives can overtake,
Myriads of ways of more than I can speak.
But roll'd secure in Sin you little think
You ſtand ſo near the precipitous brink,
Till *Death* Compells you to his hideous Port
And renders you a Span and Life more ſhort.
So were the drowſy *Trojans* overcome
While Fudling, Whoring, and aſleep at home.
And do you think your ſelves to *Death* unknown
Whilſt you in their Extravagancies run?
Poor Senſeleſs Man! *Are not your Days a few,*
And what in them can like immortal ſhew?
Unleſs remorſe of Conſcience, Grief and Pain
Which after *Death*, 'tis doubt, you muſt ſuſtain.
Will you then fondly wiſh you may enjoy
This earthly Pain and Grief t' eternity?
Or would you have of Sins a double Score
And act the Play of Troubles o're and o're.
Which you with murmuring would entertain
Did not ingenious *Death* divide the Scene?
To glut the Eye with one continual Sight
Or with a ſingle Guſt the Appetite,
Would but reiterate the Senſes cloy'd,
And too tedious if too long enjoy'd.

In *Death* there's three prime Agents rule, and they
With equal Majeſty the Scepter ſway
Alike impartial acting what's his Will,
If he ſays *Spare*, they ſpare, if *Kill*, they Kill,
To greateſt Perſons they pay no Reſpect,
Nor of the meaneſt Suffer a Neglect;

For

For in the Grave there's no distinction, there-
Fore they refuse to make distinction here.
If *Death* commands they will all hazard run
To cut the Thread the *Fatal Sister* Spun;
Which if divided then Mans Life is done.

Chance, the first Champion that appears in Field
To whom the greatest Kings and Monarchs yield,
Leads up and fights, and Victor-like he storms
With Weapons more than had *Briareus* Arms;
He soon subdues what all their Conquests spoke
And falls them Victims to one conquering stroke.
By consequence, he kills in ev'ry State
And shews Death certain by incertain Fate.
So a *French* Hero who ingress'd the List
To joust a Tilt with his Antagonist,
Too fatally found *Death* was present there
In a small Splinter of the shivering Spear.

Sickness; *Death*'s second Legate here on Earth
A Friend of Sadness and a Foe to Mirth,
When his Malign Pestif'rous Humour pleases
Consumes Mankind and plagues 'em with Diseases.
Gouts, *Rheumatisms*, and the *Fevers Hectic*,
Consumptions, *Pleurisies* and the *Apoplectic*,
Like so many Officiates wait the call
And act the Will of this Vice-General:
As he dictates they remorate our Breath,
And represent the Spectral Shape of *Death*.

Old Age, of the three Agents last does come
To finish what the other leave undone;
He oftentimes Mans Nature does restrain
And makes him act his Childhood ov'r again,

Weakens the Fancy and binds up the Nerves,
Decays the Brain; and ſhews 'tis *Death* he ſerves:
Who tho' he loiters and delays our Doom,
And'r time incertain yet he ſurely come.
So did the Royal Prophet ſtoop to Time,
When the fair *Shunamite* muſt cheriſh him.

Ov'r-weening Folly! Mortals ſhould deſire
The Youthful Ardency of natural Fire
Should inexhauſted burn and not expire.
All would be Seniors; yet alas, how few
Acquire the Zenith where their Wiſhes flew!
For Chance or Sickneſs rids 'em of their Cares
One in a Cent'ry ſcarcely dies by Years.
But let Man's days be either long or ſhort
Death's Ship he ſails into the Grave his Port.
Yet ſome too fatally wrapt up in Sin,
Their direful ſwadling from their Origin,
Do not the inſaniated Counſel lack
Of the bigotted *Paracelſian* Quack,
Who as he'd been the chief *Olympian* Portal
Did vainly boaſt that he cou'd make Immortal;
But he vain Man tho' on himſelf rely'd
A Farewel *Exit* took and vainly dy'd.
So will all thoſe that doat on Lifes frail train
And have eternal *Death* their future gain:
But thoſe that truſt to God when this is done
Have got an Earneſt of the Life to come.

Lord, number out my days and let me know,
How long I have to Live.

On

On the Horror of Death.

IN the *Moſaic* Law the Sacrifice
Of true Contrition by the learn'd *Levies*
Was ſcarcely known, and to the Vulgar ſtrange,
Whoſe thoughts did ev'r on burnt Oblations range;
Conceiving that ſuch outward formal ways
Were real Worſhip in obdurate days.
And I've obſerv'd they myſtically meant
A Sin reforming, Pious liv'd Intent:
As when a Fowl in Flames was offered
The Prieſt muſt on the Altar burn the Head,
But throw the Crop and gawdy Plumes away
Beſide the Altar where the Aſhes lay.
To intimate the way our Pride to queſl
And mortify our Luſts and Sin repel,
And to depreſs external pompous State
That lies ſo obvious to the Turns of Fate;
Condemn'd to ſec'lar Chances which agree
In nothing Terrene but Inconſtancy:
Is to revert our Eyes to mortal Duſt,
That cinerated filth, wherein the Luſt
Of wicked Men in marcerated ſmell
And putrid Humour repreſents a Hell,
With twice the Horror to the Agil ſight
Of Thought can form or any Pen can write:
For when *Death* comes t' invite Man to the Grave,
Or ſleepy Caverns of his ſilent Cave,
Deformed Worms and Beaſts feed on his Fleſh,
And he for Creeping things reception is.

" O formidable *Death*! Thou fright'ſt my Muſe
" And lef'ſt the Reins of all my Paſſions looſe.
" I ſtand amus'd at thy Terrific Pow'r
" That makes the ſweet'ſt Jucundity to lour,
" And does all other Powers but God's deſtroy;
" Yet 'tis with Juſtice, *for we needs muſt die.*
" Or elſe how muſt we live below the frown
" Of an Uſurper to a Princes Crown,
" Did not kind *Death* come pull the Tyrant down?
" A Plague like that, would not infect one Iſle,
" But turn the Univerſe into a Bile.

Thrice noble Death, how like a Judge you ſit,
By Bribe untainted, nor out-done by Wit,
Nor with a partial Vote make difference
Betwixt the meaneſt Peaſant and his Prince;
But adequately viſit and alike
Not dreading force, do with Energy ~~do~~ ſtrike
The Pow'rful Tyrant as the baſeſt Slave,
And level both their Fortunes in the Grave:
Only the Poor's more ſweet, if you'll allow
That in Corruption I may term it ſo!

If I the vaſt Sepulchres cou'd deſcry
Of Ancient *Rome* where all the *Cæſars* lye,
O dreadful ſight! O what Amaze and Horror!
My Breaſt would quickly faint with Panic Terror,
To ſee thoſe Carcaſſes ſo pale and livid
That once were Monarchs in the World and vivid,
Subjected Principalities and Powers,
And now all putrid like corrupted Flowers,

Inhe-

Inheriting the vileſt Snakes and Worms
And horrid Toads, in far more direful Terms
Than my weak brain can fancy or expreſs
To lodge within ſuch Subterranean Vaults.
But had I ſeen how horridly they lay,
Might with my ſelf expoſtulate, and ſay,
" Where's all their Pomp and Pow'r and Policy,
" Their Honour, Riches, and their Dignity,
" Their Conqueſts, Triumphs, and their Noble
" Train,
" Their goodly Equipage, and Sovereign
" Majeſtic Glories of this lower Orb,
" Their Courtly Pageantry and coſtly Garb,
" Their num'rous conq'ring Armies ſo admir'd,
" And Nations that their boundleſs force acquir'd?
And thus might anſwer; " All that flat'ring Pow'r
" With them expired at the Mortal Hour.
Then *Death* depriv'd 'em of their empty Glory
And rendred Honour vain and Tranſitory;
Leaving their Gaſtly Bodies to poſſeſs
Devouring Beaſts and Worms and Rotteneſs.
Such is Man's end to epilogue his Toil,
He putrifies and does to Earth recoil.
Is it not Folly then you entertain
To pamper up the Fleſh ſo much in vain,
Merely that *Death* with his pale Horſe may come
And carry you to an infernal Home?
Methinks his horrid Look is grim enough
To fright you from the formidable Proof,
And ſtamp a Terror on your harden'd Minds
Of his dark gloomy Den and deep Confines,

Where Bliss is banish'd, each Apartment rude,
And swallowed up in endless Solitude.
'Twas this wild Aspect that amus'd the Sense
Of an Heroine *Subsolanean* Prince,
To Whom, when Heralds did his Pow'r Proclaim,
Thro' all the Throng a Lapidarian came
Who Omnigenial Marbles brought, and said,
Of which, Sir, must be your Mausoleum *made?*
This sharp Demand fix'd *Death* before his Eyes
With all its Horror in unveil'd Disguise;
And laid this open to his Princely view,
That tho' a Sovereign yet a Mortal too.

Unthinking Men, then think when *Phosphor* Shines,
E're Ev'ning comes you may be in Confines
To *Death* and Hell; for ought you know that Hour
Uncertain *Death* may exercise his Pow'r
Ov'r all your gawdy Pomp and vilely leave
Your pamper'd Bodies in a fulsom Cave.

O fatuous Momes, come, learn the *Indians* Wit;
I doubt you're scarce become good Heathens yet;
See how their *Brachmins* represent you *Death*,
And shew the Horror of that fatal *Lerb* —
Like sober Men and wise they build their Tombs
Before their Gates, the sight whereof inwombs
Within their Breasts a fear and deadly Terror
Of *Death* advening and its gastly Horror,
Whereby they learn to curb the appetite
Of momentary, frivolous Delight,

Too

Too vainly hug'd with eagerneſs on Earth
Till it conducts to everlaſting *Death*:
And likewiſe 'ſcape inordinate Deſires
Nor Nature nor neceſſity requires.
Thus by continual mortifying Sin
You may eternal Pain and Terror ſhun.
" Thus *Socrates* advanc'd his laſting Fame,
" So he the wond'rous *Socrates* became.
" Him nothing but right Reaſon ev'r could ſway,
" Which he believ'd 'twas Glorious to obey.
" Then ſtrive to live, as if you meant to be
" As Wiſe, as Happy, and as great as he.

Lord, give me Manſions incorruptible
Which never fade away.

On the Sting of Death.

O Fatal Fruit, but doubly fatal Guſt
That brought us *Death* and putrify'd our Duſt!
How free and uncorrupt in Paradiſe
Had we ſurviv'd, being raptur'd up in Joys,
Bib'd off *Ambroſia* (as the Poets feign)
And each of us a Demi-god to reign
Not loaded with Pollution, Sin, nor Crime,
Alike untainted as the Saints Divine,
Pure as the Angels, chaſt as Turtle Doves
Who tho' relict abhor adulterate Loves!
Angelic Rapture! O how bleſt had we
Reſpir'd, Repos'd ſurviv'd in Chaſtity,

Had our first Parent but deny'd to eat
The Mortal, Murd'ring, Sin-inducing Meat!
Frail Woman, cou'd'st not thou in Innocence
Live free from arrogant Concupiscence?
Had not God made thee as a God thought fit
And giv'n the a Coelestial Sence and Wit,
But thou most uncontented yet aspire
To be as God and mount thy Honour high'r?
Too like the Devil of old, 'cause not supreme
Rebell'd 'against God, to be his Sovereign.
But did not the Almighty soon repel
Ambitious Satan Headlong into Hell,
And there condemn him to eternal Pain
And raging Torment in perpetual Flame?
What was the Sequel of forbidden Tast
But from all Joy an Everlasting Fast,
Eternal Exile from the Blissful Groves
That round were shaded with Seraphic Loves,
And balmy *Eden's* sweet *Elysium*,
Which was the Portal of the Heav'nly One?
Thence comes all Sin; alas! 'tis Sin we bring
Down to Posterity, *Death's* Mortal Sting;
The wounding Sting whereby we entertain
Grim *Death's Idea* with Remorse and Pain.

" O stimulating Dart! thou stab'st my Soul
" And dost in conscious Guilt her Thoughts enroll,
" To think how she injustly has abus'd
" Her Good Creators Love, which oft infus'd
" Graces free-born into her impious Mind.
" What boundless Love! How Genuine and Kind!

" Yet

" Yet ſhe degen'rate from the God above
" Ingratefully has oft refus'd that Love ;
" Rejecting all his Counſel, all his Aid,
" And ſweet addreſſes that his Spirit made
" To guide her Reaſon ; but ſhe vain and Proud
" In Thought has almoſt Blaſphem'd ſuch a God.
" Barb'rous Ingrate, that in Ambition ſwell'd,
" Conſpir'd with Satan and 'gainſt Heav'n rebell'd!
" Had n't Heav'n been juſt, when I did Heav'n
" provoke,
" If with one fatal mortifying Stroke
" It had condemn'd me to eternal Smoke?
" At ſuch great Juſtice I cou'd not complain
" Tho' I were tortur'd with perpetual Pain.
" For future ſure I can't with Impudence
" Offend againſt the Divine Providence,
" Should I reflect on my adjacent End,
" The Immenſe Perils ov'r my Head impen'd,
" Each Act I do and ev'ry Moment Breath
" As ſteps extending to my haſt'ning *Death.*
" Where Sin his Sting, ſtings with Remorſe and
" Horror
" If free from Sin, then free from Pain and Terror.

O happy Period! who'd not wiſh to die
A Righteous *Death*, that he might Heaven
Enjoy,
And leave this Life from ſtinging Dolor free?
As *Balaam* did, one Wicked may deſire
To die like Pious Men, and yet aſpire
No height at all to imitate the ways
They trod before him to eternal Bays.

Would

Would you to Heav'n aſcend, and wou'd you die?
Untouch'd of *Death*, of Pain, of Miſery?
Then throw your Bondage off, and live more free.
Free from Intemperance, that pernicious Vice
Which like a Monſter of *Titanian* ſize
Lies floating ov'r Mens Souls in bulk as huge
As any *Cyclops*; whence no ſubterfuge,
Nor dear eſcape if labyrinth'd within
The Subtle Windings of her lieuring Gin:
Unleſs Repentance contrite and ſincere
Thro' God's abundant Mercy interfere.
But from the *Egyptians* care, learn to avoid
This baſe attractive to infernal Pride,
Who at their Jovial and Triumphant Feaſts
Make *Death* the Head and Principal of Gueſts,
Placing the killing Foe in *Effigie*
Where ev'ry Eye its Complement muſt pay;
That when his Meagre Face appears, the ſight
May ſcare the Soul unto an humble height,
And by reflecting on his dreadful Part,
May when he comes indeed, allay the Smart.
And let what *Epictetus* wiſely writ
Be the Foundation of your meaner Wit,
† " As *Death*, and Baniſhment, and ev'ry Ill,
" Which Mortals Thoughts with apprehenſion fill;
" Which moſt they dread and with averſion flie,
" Be always preſent to your Thoughts and Eye;

† *Epict. Enchir. Cap.* 27.

" But

" But chiefly *Death*, thus no mean thought ſhall
" find
" Harbor or entertainment in your Mind.
" Thus no baſe Fear ſhall ever force you from
" Your Noble Principles reſolv'd upon.
" Not Tyrants Frowns, nor Tortures ſhall enſlave
" Your fearleſs Souls but generally brave.
" You all their little Malice may defy,
" Arm'd only with the Thought, you once muſt
" dye.
" Nor can *Death* truly formidable ſeem
" To you, who with it have familiar been,
" Who ev'ry Day have the Pale Bug-bear ſeen.
" Yet *Death's* the worſt that you can undergo,
" The utmoſt Limit, the laſt Scene of Woe,
" The greateſt Spite your Enemy can ſhew.
" And yet no more than what the Gout or Stone
" With more Malicious Leiſure might have done.
" Arm'd with the Thoughts of *Death*, no fond
" deſire
" Of Wealth, nor the deluding fooliſh Fire
" Of Pow'r, ſhall lead you on with hopes to gain
" What *Death* hath ſworn you ſhall not long retain.
And why ſhould you make all this pothering ſtir
To get what *Death* at laſt will wound you for?
Since you with far leſs Pain may touch the height
Of an Eternal, raviſhing Delight.

Lord, learn me ſo to Live, that when I die, *Death* may be ſweet.

On the Preparation to Death.

SInce *'tis appointed that Man once ſhall die,*
He ought to think on his Mortality;
And not to Waſte in Luxury and Vice
Thoſe precious Moments which his Soul enjoys,
Nor wallow out that Time in Filthy Mire
That ſhould prepare him for the Heav'nly Choir.
God gave him Reaſon for a Nobler Uſe,
And not that he ſhould by Prophane abuſe
Pollute that Heav'nly Gift, which Heav'n deſign'd
To raiſe us Mortals t' an Angelic kind.
How ought you then to live, that you may reach
Thoſe Sublime Dictates which your Reaſons teach!
O Watch and Pray, for fear the Roarer comes,
Who like a Lyon all he finds, Conſumes:
And let no Day eſcape, wherein you've done
Nothing to advance you tow'rds the Heav'nly Throne.
Who loſes one, may with *Veſpatian* ſay,
In great Remorſe, *My Friends I've loſt a Day.*

When *Julius Cæſar* view'd the * Conqueror o're,
And ſaw how Kings bowed to his Infant Power,
Fears forc'd their Native Banks, and with ſad Thought
From him theſe Self-reflecting Words broke out,

* *Alexander.*

That

That Prince when young Darius *overcame,*
Yet I've done nothing can repeat my Fame.
You all may weep that you have done no more
Tow'rds a Diſcharge of your eternal Score.
Can you agree with *Death* that he ſhall ſpare,
Or let you live unto another Year?
No. *Syrac* ſays, his Time's not long to come
And that the Grave no Covenant has ſhown.
Then ſhould not you *redeem the Time* that's paſt,
Since each Reſpiring may breath out your laſt?
Ye drowſy Stocks, ‖ "Wou'd you have God
"come down,
"To finiſh what your Reaſon hath begun,
"And teach you what e're this you might have
"done?
"Your giddy Years of Frolic Youth are fled,
"Manhood, that ſhould be wiſe reigns in its ſtead;
"Your vigorous Reaſon now hath reach'd its
"Prime,
"And from its full Meridian muſt decline;
"If lazily you ſleep away your Noon
"The Night comes on you and finds nothing done:
"If ſtill irreſolute you love delay
"And ſpend whole Years in fixing on a Day,
"And when 'tis come, new Reſolutions make,
"Which your Neglect reſolves but to forſake,
"You ſtrive to grow more fooliſh than you are,
"And for gray Dotage by Degrees prepare;

‖ *Epiſt. Enchir. Cap.* 74.

"So

"So mere Plebians to the Grave you go,
" Laden with Age, with Follies and with Woe!
Why will you ſo prepoſ'trouſly decline
The Hours propos'd and throw away your time?
Repent, repent; for Heaven knows how ſoon
The fatal Hour may bring your fatal Doom:
Perhaps to day; O then you may recite
Vainly enough, *Give me a Days Reſpite.*
You can't bribe *Death* away; he needs no hire
To fetch him to you, takes none to Retire;
Nor can you tell when you have got his frown,
For at an Hour unknown he knocks you down;
How ſhould you unprepar'd, then ſuit a Strain
Of Complements to Court him back again?
He comes conceal'd that you ſhould Watch with Care
And entertain him with a Prudent Fear:
But Impudence lies plain and Fear lies hid;
Too few I doubt, Watch as S. *Hierom* did,
Who e're profeſs'd he heard *Death's* laſt Prodrome,
Awake, awake, and unto Judgment come.
Then let your Pious Deeds and Actions ſhew,
That you prepare to bid him Welcome too.
For you perhaps may at the World Complain
And yet continue both as lewd and vain.
But chiding at your Sins is not the way
To gain the Trophy of a conqu'ring Day.
Plutarch relates when *Memnon* heard one rail
Againſt the *Grecian* King, he did not fail
To beat him with his Lance, and did recite,
I keep thee not to rail againſt, but Fight.

'Tis

'Tis not Caballing at the Devil and Sin
That will Cœleſtial Habitations win;
Such weak Aſſaults reiterate your Fear,
And make Diſſimulations Guilt appear;
But ſincere Courage to ſubdue thoſe Foes,
Which a true Penitent with Vigor ſhews.
For would you go to Heaven? then go to War
With Sin, the World, the Devil, and all that are
Vice-gerents authorized by the ſame,
That is, your Senſes and your Hearts I mean;
Reſtrain their Luſts, and by your Pow'r and Force
Either retard or turn their Monſtrous Courſe;
Or elſe expect the Heav'n your Wiſh to gain,
When loſt, will be your moſt corroding Bane.
O then prepare, and fill your Lamps with Oyl
Leſt Heav'n ſeclus'd denounces an Exile
From all thoſe Heav'nly Glories, ſweets Divine,
That in refulgent Rador Glimps and Shine.
That would be dreadful; O Repent, Repent,
Repentance only can the Curſe prevent:
For God his Oath inverſable doth give,
That he would have a Sinner turn and Live.
What Love unlimited! How good and great!
What! Peace eternal at ſo low a rate!
Sure none can blow away ſo kind a Breath,
Unleſs they ſtrive for everlaſting *Death*.
Do not *Noah*'s Flood, and conflagrating Fire
That fell from Heaven upon * *Sid*' and *Tire*,

* *Euphon. grat. pro* Sod, & Gomor.

The

The Plagues of *Egypt*, and their Mighty Hoſt
That in the Sea was quite deſtroy'd and loſt;
The *Chaldee*'s Extirpation, *Siloam*'s fall,
And *Salem*'s Flames unto Repentance call?
Now's the Accepted Time, uſe no Delay,
If you'd be ſav'd this is the ſaving Day:
For in an Hour conceal'd the Thief will come,
And then 'tis doubt, your Work will be undone:
How can you unprepar'd, guard off the Knave,
From carrying you to the Infernal Cave?
'Tis better t' take the Rule the *Few* ſat down,
For's Schollar to engraft his Morals on,
Who told him if he'd ſhun Hell's taunting Pride,
He muſt repent one Day before he Dy'd.
Meaning that Moment for he did not know
Tho' that was his, another would be ſo.
A ſhort employing of your Vital Breath
Gives Life Eternal or Eternal *Death*:
And who can tell but in that fatal Day
He does amiſs, *Death* may the Act betray?
'Tis but one Gaſp on which your Life depends,
And being forc'd to your Unlawful Ends,
May be puff'd out, and ſo recoil no more:
Then comes the Grief you ne're thought on before,
Thouſands of Dangers gradually do lye
Like ſuch Memorials of Mortality,
Each may impede the viviſying Air,
And end your Days deſpite of all your Care.
A Savage Beaſt may your frail Thread divide,
And rend you like as that the Prophet did;
Or you may by a ſad precipit fall
Deſtroy your Bodies and your Souls and all.

Then

Then ſtrive to Conquer, for you're conquer'd ſoon
You ſee how eaſ'ly *Death* can pull you down,
Or win and wear, or loſe for ev'r, the Crown.

O Sirs, Lament ; 'tis ſad to think, but true,
Few Chriſtians reach thoſe Morals Heathens do.
How far in Vertues Paths had they attain'd
Had they but heard the Goſpel once proclam'd !
Alas ! the ſaving Name they did not know,
Or they'd out done you and quite ſham'd you too.
And will you then be ſham'd ? Retreat, retreat,
And ſtrive to go to Heav'n, if you'd be great ;
Or rich, or honour'd, or more learn'd, or wiſe,
Or be poſſeſs'd of everlaſting Joys,
Or have Completion of Content and Peace,
Or live for ever in Exceſs of Bliſs,
Or would to all degrees of Knowledge know ;
For it is there alone you can be ſo.

Lord, ſpare me for a while and give me Grace
To ſeek thy Glory and to ſpeak thy Praiſe ;
And when it pleaſes thee that I ſhall come
From this World's hurry, Lord, *Thy Will be done.*

O ſave my Soul and in the Hour of *Death,*
Deliver me.

POEMS

On JUDGMENT.

——— Multaq; merces
Unde patesi, tibi defuerit æquo
Ab Jove, ———
Hor. Carm. Lib. I. Od. XXVIII.

The Induction.

FY, little Muse, wou'dst thou sit down
And so Decline? For Shame, go on,
Or thou wilt lose what thou hast gain'd, too soon,
Sing the stern Visage that succeeds,
And like a new-made Monarch mounts the Throne
When ill-shap'd Death has laid his Scepter down
And finished his Mortifying Deeds,
Which ev'ry one will see
Is far more terrible than he;
And will most dreadfully affright
The Conscience with the Thought of past Delight,
Pour-

Pouring his Wrath and Vengeance on
The wicked Souls, for what in Life was done
Adverse to Justice or to Heaven's Law;
For he loves Virtue more than all
The World can Honour, Wealth, or Greatness call,
Or Pow'r that keeps Inferiors in awe,
And Love and Mercy will proclaim
To those who do adore that Name,
And Duty to him show.
But to those Men who have enjoy'd
The World in Vanity and Pride,
When all is past
And meagre Death has done
The certain Task his Charge lay on,
He Damns 'em unto Woe at last,
With Words more terrible and loud,
By far than Thunder issuing from the Cloud,
When Meteors mingle in the Skies
And jarring Elements sound forth their Noise.

Ecclesiastes Ch. XI. *Ver.* 9, 10. *Paraphrased.*

REjoyce, rejoyce, young Men, possess the Time
Before you do too far in Years decline.
Why should you in your Youth like Doaters grow,
And represent old Men before you're so?
Retard that Foolery and Apishness,
And teach the World Enjoyment to Caress,
Solace in Sports and chear your Hearts, and Sing,
O Pastime, lead up an eternal Ring!
And while you're Young observe the Modish ways,
Reject the Church for Women, Wine and Plays;

And only make it like a Meeting-house
T' appoint Intrigues and amorous Rendezvous:
For whats Religion? Oh, a silly thing,
Too great a Toil, not worth the managing!
Then why should you spend all your Hours in vain,
On such a Trifle, for so little gain?
Walk in that Freer and more Facile way
Your Prompting Hearts command you to obey,
And with a veh'ment eagerness pursue
The wanton Lusts your Eyes betray you to.
But yet know ye, those won't keep off the Rod
Of Indignation of an angry God,
He sees your Passions and Infirmities,
And will with Equity judge all your ways.
But Sirs, the Sorrow from your Hearts remove
And fix your Pleasure on the Joys above,
Lay all your stock out there, you'll ne're Repent
Of what you do, nor think your time misspent.
For 'twill unload your Souls, and put away
The Grief and Anguish at the dreadful Day,
That so would terrifie in tedious Frights
Your shaking, shivering, and evading Sp'rites.
But abdicate that Evil from your Flesh:
For Childhood and your Youth were Vanities.
Those Toys you then ador'd were light and vain,
And mere Companions of Remorse and Pain.

On Temporal Judgment.

LOok up vile Men that are by Nature prone
To Sin, and see how justly you pull down
The Divine Vengeance, which forbears and tries
If Mercy will repulse your Villanies To

To Acts of Vertue. But alas, in vain
For Reformation! You your Sins retain,
And ſlight that Love which bow'd to Earth & dy'd
A Propitiation for your ſinful Pride.
You'd be reform'd, and thought like Chriſtians too,
And yet refuſe to do as Chriſtians do.
Would you have Chriſt to Pardon and to ſave
Whilſt you ride Poſt to the Infernal Cave?
Has he not call'd aloud and bid you ſteer
To the Supernal Throne, and tho' you hear,
You have return'd to him the Adders Ear,
Deaf to Advice, and as diſtracted run
Up to the Ears in Sins *Effluvium*?
What would ye more, that he by Force repel,
Your Souls when galloping headlong to Hell
And then to ſave you too againſt your Will?
Has he not *given himſelf*, that you by him,
Free-will'd, might work Salvation from your Sin?
But oh, that's too much toil, you'd mount the Skies
By the Deluſion of Iniquities.
You'd fain be coach'd unto the upper Throne,
As *Charon* ferries you to th' nether one.
And rather than to Heav'n you'll walk on Foot,
You'll ride to Hell tho' you be damn'd to boot.
O Sirs, is it not ſad to ſee you go
With ſo much Fondneſs to eternal Woe?
And tho' you be adviſ'd ſtill forward run,
Till you are in the Whirling Pool ov'r thrown.
But will you now reverſe your Wills and view
That horrid Cave your Luſts conduct you to?
See how it gapes with wide extended Jaws
To catch you and ſuborn you to its Laws;

Thoſe Laws which you in Fondneſs do obey,
Strive to constrain you to Eternity.
O then return, leſt God ſhall give you o're
To your own Luſts and to the Devil's Pow'r;
That would be far more grievous to ſuſtain,
Than pointing at, or Scoffs, or worldly Shame,
Which you to ſhun, ſtick to your vicious ways,
And loſe the Glory of eternal Bays;
And tempt the Lord in Anger to pour forth
The dreadful Viols of his burning Wrath.
Then 'ſtead of Singing you may Sigh and Groan
To an eternal miſerable Tune.
For where will be your Pleaſures and your Sin,
Thoſe tempting Idols that you truſted in?
Will they forſake you then? O, no; they'll come
Like ſuch accuſers to condemn you home.
You'll need no other Judges to condemn,
Nor damn'd Tormentors to encreaſe your Flame.
But yet there is a God to Judge you too,
And Devils to Torment, then Judge the Woe!
Nay, that's a Task too hard for ſuch as you,
Who nought but Luxury and eaſe e're knew.
Then ſhou'd n't you ſtrive to live, that ye may die
So as your Deeds your Souls may Juſtify?
For unto you Death's Herald may Proclaim
From this Life go to everlaſting Flame.
Has not the Lord Examples to you ſhewn,
That you might learn to *fly the Wrath to come*?
What came of *Sodom's* and *Gommorrah's* Pride,
Who ſo the Counſel of old *Lot* defy'd?
Did not they fall like Victims of God's Ire,
Suff'ring the Vengeance of eternal Fire?

Now

Now how can you without amazement ſtand
Immerg'd in Sin ſo dangerouſly, and
Not dread the Vengeance of the Divine Hand?
Is God more clement than in Ancient Days
Or does he now delight in impious ways?
Or is he only pleas'd with Labal Praiſe?
Or are your Sins diminiſh'd and grown leſs?
O, no; they like the *Iſraelitiſh* Dreſs,
When they from *Pharoah*'s Tyranny were flown
And in the Deſart wandred up and down,
That grew with them; juſt ſo your ſinful Score
As you grow up accumulates the more.
Each Day and Hour add to the growing Heap,
And yet you think God's *Judgments* to eſcape.
Beſotted Mortals! What a vain Delight!
Shall not the Judge of all the Earth do right?
Then you with Conſternation may expect
Moſt dreadful *Judgment* for each ſordid Act:
For ev'ry Pious Soul is but impure,
And the moſt Chriſtian Light dark and Obſcure,
Indign of Mercy from the God above,
Did n't Pity flow from his abundant Love.
And tho' h' has thouſand Mercies e're in ſtore
Preſerv'd for Penitents that's Aid implore,
You grown prophane & vile, may fall like *Lore.*
And if you don't with ſpeed revert your ways
'Tis doubt his *Judgment* comes to end your Days.

With how much eagerneſs you ſtrive to pleaſe
The Prince of Darkneſs in his darker ways!
Led by Suggeſtion till on Ruin hurl'd,
To humour Satan and to Feaſt the World;
Which tho' you know is a prepoſt'rous Cheat,
Yet think all Fools that cannot be as great; And

And therefore rather than come by the worſt
You'll play the Cheat, and get the leading firſt.
And then you cry, *The World's a Stage whereon,*
Each one muſt play or elſe be play'd upon.
And therefore vilely think it far more fit
T' abuſe the World than be abus'd by it.
But Sirs, take heed, leſt your frail thread divide
As *Ananias* and *Sapphira*'s did.
If ſo, then what inextricable Pain
Will Sociate you in everlaſting Flame!
How will you look then, when the taunting Pow'rs
Laugh at and Jeer you for your miſ-ſpent Hours?
Here by your Equals to be jok'd wou'd be
A petty Scandal or an Infamy.
And can you take it from that Mobile?
If you have any Reverence for your Fame
Preſerve it from this everlaſting Shame:
That wide-mouth'd Cur, that with corroding Breath
Devours your Reputation after Death.

† "As for me, Lord, tho' others do purſue
"The trifling World and wickedly Embrue,
"Thro' baſe Injuſtice and Defraud and Cheat,
"To gain 'em Wealth to be accounted Great,
"Thoſe Hands that ſhould more Sacredly be us'd
"In doing Good, with thoſe Goods thou'ſt infus'd
"In Mercy on them; yet in Innocence
"I'll walk before thee, free from all Offence;
"O then deliver me from that foul Fiend
"Who by his Lieurs ſtrives to uſurp my Mind;

† *Pſal.* 26. *v.* 11. *Paraph.*

"And

" And let thy Mercy, Lord, be to me ſhewn
" Both in thy *Judgment* here and that to come.

How vain's the World! How ſtupid does it grow,
And yet you ſtrive to make it vainer too!
Can any one behold and not admire
With how much Vanity you do deſire
To be accounted Great, yet ne're before
Were half ſo Proud, nor e're ſo very Poor?
What a fantaſtic, ſilly, apiſh Mode
Is it for Men of Poorneſs to be Proud?
But ſure this ſaying has poſſeſs'd your Sconce,
Out of the Faſhion and the World at once.
And therefore ſince it is the Mode to be
Prophane and Lewd, you'll court Iniquity.
But ſhould you not then Fear, leſt you expire
As *Nadab* and *Abihu* did in Fire?
For what can your Conception think to gain
But Heavens Anger and eternal Pain,
Whilſt you continue ſo profuſe and vain?
Unleſs you think God knows not when, nor where,
Nor how you live, nor what your Actions are;
Nor whether you like Vegetables grow,
Nor whether you were ever born, or no;
Nor whether you are Men or Brutes; I doubt,
I here muſt end; the Definition's out.
By Nature Men, but grown by Cuſtom Beaſts,
Far more Extravagant in Senſualneſs.
They Senſe alone can pleaſe 'tis all they know,
But you loſe Reaſon and more Senſual grow:
Deſtroy that noble Gift which Manhood taught;
Fire up the Paſſions; with Diſorder fraught,

Let

Let Malice, Envy, and Revenge and Hate
Draw down your Ruin; ſo your counted Great
'Tis all you hop'd or wiſh'd: yet 'tis by that
You have the Judgment of a worſer Fate.
So *Cæſar Borgia* his Deſtruction wrought,
When he drunk off the *Aconital* Draught,
He had prepar'd to cut the hated Hour
Reſpir'd too ſweetly by a Proxime Pow'r.
"Baſe Man! waſt thou ſo learn'd in ev'ry Doſe,
"And cou'dſt not know that by its killing Gloſs?
"And then ſo greedily to drink it up,
"Too make thee deſperate and deprive thy Hope!
"I blame thy Avarice, firſt for the Pelf,
"And then ſo eagerly to kill thy ſelf.
"But who cou'd ſee thy high ambitious Pride,
"And not diſcern the Hand of God imploy'd?
So dropt Duke *D'Alva* to the ſilent Grave,
A greater Tyrant than a Monarch brave;
He liv'd a Monſter 'mongſt the Herd of Men,
Bug-bear'd of all as if a Monſter been;
Yet cou'd not live for ev'r: Death bid him ſtand,
Or rather *Judgment* from the Divine Hand,
And take that equal and deſerving Pain
His cruel Soul unpitied did ſuſtain:
So juſtly his Deſert, he might reply,
As I have done God has requited me;
Sink down vile Wretch to thy eternal Duſt,
Thy Puniſhment declares the Heavens juſt.
Now let me fall unto our preſent Days,
View Monſtrous Vice in its prodigious ways,
And take a Proſpect of your ſinful Score,
And ſee if you deſerve his Mercy more.

Not

Not so; I doubt, you stir the Judges Wrath;
Hark, how he vents his dreadful Threatnings forth!
Whence come the Wars and Fightings that rebound
Back to your Ears in such a hideous Sound?
Or wherefore Eccho so these strange Alarms
That call on ev'ry side to Arms, to Arms?
How is't you're all so poor, and Trade asleep,
And Malecontents and Mobs this murm'ring keep?
And why so Pester'd with Ambitious *France*,
But that your Sins do more and more Advance?
If ye would Vertuous be these all wou'd cease,
And Wars and Perturbations turn to Peace.
But that's Advice indeed! What! leave the Miss
In whom you Pyramid your Earthly Bliss!
No, from Deserting her you are so far,
With Satan you Combine, with Heav'n wage War.
Prepost'rous Race of Men! What, do you think
To mount the Skies from the *Tartarean* brink?
There's no such Path, or if, 'tis scarcely known;
For one returning, Thousands tumble down.
Then what can you expect the Lord shou'd do,
But here pass *Judgment* and hereafter too?
Preserve me, Lord, from thy Impending Wrath,
Left I consume away.

On Particular Judgment.

MEn live Prophane, as if there was no Death
To stop the Pores of their short breathing Breath,
Nor after it a *Judgment* to condemn
Their Souls for living in the World Prophane/
Unthink-

Unthinking Brutes! nay, Brutes were far more wise,
If they could so converse in *Æsop*'s Days.
But Sirs, consider, tho' you here Enjoy
Pomp, Pow'r, and Riches, Mirth and Jollity,
And live like Demi-gods in height of Glory,
'Tis all but Vanity and Transitory;
For *'tis appointed unto Man to die,*
Then *Judgment* to Condemn or Justifie.
Tho' you the Corps inter, 'tis past your Art*
T' impede the Noble and Immortal Part,
The Soul, for that's convey'd invisibly
Thro' expanse Regions to the Heavens high;
By Angels plac'd before the Judgment Seat,
Judg'd in particular to a future State.
Tho' Angels guard you, yet the Devil hies,
Rides Post and comes thro' the extensive Skies,
T' attest against you of your wicked Acts,
And for his Fee your Souls arraign'd expects:
Rather than lose 'em, like our Knights oth' Post,
From *Styx* he'll fetch all the Infernal Host,
And swear for want of Oaths none e're was lost.
If you in Life Hell's Dictates have obey'd,
Thus proud *Apollyon* to the Lord will plead:
" Almighty Judge, tho' by Creation thine,
" By Depravation now this Person's mine;
" He's thine by Nature but he's mine by Sin,
" Thy Laws displeas'd, mine only did please him;
" I own by Right he did belong to thee
" But by Default he's justly fal'n to me;
" Thy Work declar'd he should the Law fulfil,
" But by Rebellion of his lustful Will

* *Euseb.*

" H'

" H' has diſobey'd thy Precepts and receiv'd
" My damn'd Suggeſtions, and my Lies believ'd.
" Therefore he's mine, Great King, reſign by Law
" That Soul to pain, thou could'ſt not rule nor awe.
And now reflect with what Amaze and Terror
You would Inſpect that Savage Fiend of Horror,
View the wild Aſpect of his burning Eyes,
And ſulph'rous Flames that from his Throat ariſe,
The dreadful Mouth and grating Tusks that ſtrive
To worry, kill, and ſwallow you alive:
And hear him in ſuch Words your Souls require,
That he might bind 'em in eternal Fire.
I fancy, ſhould you ſee his Shape on Earth,
To view't wou'd render an abortive Birth.
Why cannot it in Thought, when at the Throne
Of the Cœleſtial Judge, the Supreme One,
You then will wiſh it? but alas, in vain
To hope a Freedom from Immortal Pain!
God once redeem'd you but this Counſel take,
There's no Redemption from the *Stygian* Lake.
* " Nor is it that prodigious Fiend alone
" Which will accuſe you, but the Sun and Moon,
" The Heav'n and Earth, ſtellif'rous Night & Day
" And ev'ry Creature will a Witneſs be
" To atteſt againſt you at the Throne above,
" Of your Abuſes of the Heav'nly Love.
Think not becauſe ſecure from Mortal Eye,
Th' All-ſeeing Eſſence can't your Sins Deſcry:
Alas! he ſees 'em in their Monſtrous Birth,
Tho' in the Concaves of the inmoſt Earth.

---

* *Chryſoſt.*

'Tis

'Tis not a Dungeon, nor a Rock, nor Cave
Can ſtop his Glorious Eye or ſight enſlave,
Yet cou'd they hinder it, the horrid Cry
Would rend the very Air and pierce the Sky;
And ſo what would not to the Eye appear
Wou'd moſt inevitably reach his Ear.
For *ev'ry Secret* Thing in Secret done,
Before the Lord ſhall unto Judgment come.
Then Watch and Pray, for who can tell the Hour
When Death may Exerciſe his Killing Pow'r?
Upon which Death your Souls will be arraign'd
And ſuffer *Judgment* from the Divine Hand,
Immediately when from the Fleſh they go,
Either to Bliſs or to eternal Woe.

* "The *Evangeliſt* relates, how *Dives* liv'd
"In Sumptuous Pomp, and delicately bib'd
"The richeſt Wines, and arrogantly Eat
"From curious Diſhes the moſt coſtly Meat:
"Denying *Lazarus*, that he ſhould feed
(Tho' indigent and in extreameſt need)
"On the ſmall Fragments of the falling Bread
"Wherewith the Dogs aſſiduouſly were fed.
"But afterwards the Mendicant deceas'd,
"Was at the Judgment-Seat by Angels plac'd,
"And by the Lord aſſign'd eternal Bliſs,
"Perpetual Glory and ſweet Happineſs.
"*The rich Man alſo dy'd*, and was convey'd
"To be Adjudg'd (as he'd the Judge obey'd
"When upon Earth) before the Heav'nly Throne
"To his Deſert and everlaſting Doom.

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* *Luc. Cap.* 16. *v.* 19. &c.

Which

Which as the Gospel says, did then require
The burning Lake and inextinguish'd Fire.
" So bound to Misery did thus Exclaim,
" *O I'm tormented in this furious Flame*;
" Good Father *Abraham* send down Water here,
" Make happy *Lazarus* the Messenger,
" To cool my Tongue which unconsumed burns.
" But Faithful *Abraham* to him thus returns,
" *Remember Son* that you in Life enjoy'd
" The Worlds good Things, and scornfully deny'd
" *Lazarus* one taste; now he in Glorious Bliss
" For ever lives, and you in wretchedness:
" Besides there's fix'd a Gulph that none can pass
" From Heav'n to Hell, nor yet from Hell to us:
You shou'd have us'd the means when time once was.

But what does this avail? You see and hear,
How God condemns to Hell, and how long there;
And yet continue Vile, Perverse and Vain,
Nay, ev'ry Hour you breath, grow more Prophane,
Not dreading Heav'n, but Children-like run on
In Mischief further, when you've Mischief done,
Is it not sad to see how fond you are
To buy Damnation, and to pay so dear?
Methinks an easier Prize than Heav'n might do
To purchase Everlasting Wrath and Woe.
What, are your Souls of no Concern nor Worth
But just against themselves *to heap up Wrath*?
You justly may expect as here you live,
God in his *Judgment* will Reward and give.
As unto such who walk Religious ways
Immortal Life and Everlasting Bays;

But

But unto thoſe who unreſtrain'd will go
Unrighteous Paths, eternal Wrath and Woe.
Will you now ſtrive to Seal that ſad Decree
Of Miſery unto Eternity?
And rather be condemn'd to endleſs Pain
In a perpetual Labyrinth of Flame,
Than live in Peace and die in godly Fear,
To gain a Bleſs'd inutterable ſhare
In that to be deſir'd *firſt riſing Hour,*
O're which the Second Death has got no Pow'r?
Subdue thoſe Sins that like Uſurpers Reign
And fill your Conſciences with torturing Pain,
Striving to load your tranſitory Earth
With that amazing Sempiternal Death:
And by their tempting Lieurs inveigle you on,
Till you God's *Judgments* juſtly do pull down.
How will you then eſcape that dreadful Wrath
Which he in burning Rivers will pour forth?
O whither will you go, how will you fly
To ſhun the Fury of the Judges Eye?
What Refuge find you from a God ſevere
Whoſe Looks and Geſtures are alike Auſtere?
Go, take a Turtles Wings and Mount the Skies
Up to the Sphere of Love where Bounty lies,
To your Redeemer, Prince of Heav'nly Joys.
God, the great Judge, ſits at the Judgment-Seat,
He, Heir of Mercy, at the Mercy-gate,
To meet you with Repentance in your Hearts,
Whoſe Fruit its Splendor in your Deeds imparts.
If found ſincere, he'll for you Intercede
At th' Throne of Grace, and with Compaſſion plead

You

You unjuſt Cauſe; ſo Heav'ns pitty move,
And gain your Pardon thro' his Immenſe Love.

Pth' Hour of Death and at thy Judgment Seat
Have Mercy on me, Lord.

On the General Judgment.

WHence comes the Terror of theſe frighted Souls?
Why all this running into Dens and Holes?
Why this evading, this amaze and ſtaring,
Diſowning Bodies, and with Fear deſpairing?
Why ſo conſtern'd and with Diſtraction run?
Is the Great Day of *Joy* and *Sadneſs* come?
I ſee 'tis ſo, the Son of God appears
With ſmiles of Joy in his abluted Tears.
His Meaneſs, Scourges, and opprobrious Things
Are now transformed to the *King of Kings.*
His Croſs and Crown of Thorns are now divine
And with Majeſtic Wreaths of Glory ſhine.
His piercings, buffets, nails, and wounds & ſcars;
Glimps from his Body as Tranſparent Stars;
And ev'ry Scoff and contumelious Lie
Add double Greatneſs to his Majeſty.
Whilſt theſe Malicious Men who gave 'em, run
To hide their Faces from the Things they've done;
Leſt they againſt them ſhou'd in *Judgment* riſe
To damn their Souls unto Eternities.
But ſeeking to evade, deſtroys the Cauſe,
And needs no Condemnation from the Laws.
The Conſcious Fear of their approaching Woe
Is Judge, accuſer, and tormenter too.

Myriads of Cherubims adorn his Seat,
Whilst thousand Ranks of Angels on him wait,
And Saints and just Men in a warbling Key
Resound the Triumph of the Glorious Day.
The Righteous at his Right-hand stand amaz'd
To see such Glory; hear the Lord so prais'd;
And all their Miseries and earthly Pains
Turn'd into Rapture and Melodious Strains
To whom the Sovereign with a Generous Voice
Calls out aloud, Come, Children taste the Joys,
In Heaven reserv'd for you, since I first laid
The World's Foundation, and its Fabric made.
And then the Heav'nly Host with Joys proclaim,
Worthy's the Lamb that for your Sins was Slain,
Pow'r, Wisdom, Strength, and Honour to receive,
Ye blessed Saints Blessings and Glory live.
Then with exalted Voice they sing aloud,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord Almighty God,
Which from beginning was, at present is,
And is to come to all Eternities.
Most Gracious Lord, thou far deserv'st more Praise
Than we know how to give, or Tongue can raise;
For thou didst from a rude unpolish'd heap
The whole Creation neatly Form and Shape,
And by thy Goodness, gave us Birth therein;
But we ungovern'd, did rebel thro' Sin,
And justly Merited thy Wrath; and yet
Thou cam'st thy self to save us from the Pit
Where all the damn'd despair, but we Prophane
Did still despise the Glory of thy Name:
Yet by thy Mercy and Benignity
Thou'st made us Heirs of thy Eternal Joy.

How

How muſt we thank ſuch Love! O, we will ſing
Eternal Praiſes to our God and King.

Then on his Left-hand in Diſtreſs appear
The Wicked and Prophane, bethrob'd with Fear;
Knowing they muſt for every idle Thought
And fooliſh Word be unto *Judgment* brought.
O, to that ſort the dreadful Day will come
Not look'd-for, unprepar'd; and why ſo ſoon,
They'll cry, ſhould we taſt our Eternal Doom?
Why are we ſo expell'd from him Divine
That does in ſuch reflulgent Luſtre ſhine?
And why ſo driven from that happy Train
Who ſing in Triumph to the Sovereign?
Let's mingle Voices. O we'll Praiſe him too,
And ſing to Life the very Songs they do:
We'll emulate each ſtrain, and tune by rote
The Pleaſant Air of each Celeſtial Note.
But did you ſing on Earth, in Conſort then
With Pious Souls; And were you not Prophane?
No, there Religion was burleſqu'd by you,
And for a Hymn or Pſalm Lampoons would do.
That was the Modiſh way, and if the Mode,
You'd follow it tho' to Blaſpheme your God.
And if the Devil cou'd find new-faſhion'd ways,
You'd be his Proſelites to gain a Praiſe;
Tho' from th' Infernal Crew; and now you may
To all Eternity their Laws obey.
Heaven forbid! Lord, what muſt they remain
To endleſs Ages in an endleſs Pain!
Sociate Infernals to Eternity,
And with the damn'd deſpair of Liberty?

The burning Lake and everlasting Fire
Is what their Deeds in Justice do require.
They only liv'd below; and wou'd they higher?
No, God was there a Cheat, the Church a Tool
To mould the World int' a religious Fool
Alas! poor Vertue she was thought too low,
And Luxury and Vice the only *Beau.*
But now the Judge to his Celestial Throne
Lifts Vertue up, and throws the other down.
Woe, to you Wicked; hark how Thundrings sound;
See Lightnings rend the Air, Earthquakes the Ground,
And Glorious *Sol* is now depriv'd of Light
And dress in Mourning like the saddest Night;
The Moon has been at Wars, or whence this Flood
That covers her all ov'r with Gore and Blood?
Why fall the Stars? Retreat to Earth again,
Or else they'll strike you to eternal Pain.
Yet shou'd you back again to th' Earth recoil,
'Tis but the same; for it's a Funeral Pile
All ov'r in Flames. Now whither will you run?
Heav'n won't receive you, Hell's the place you shun.
Now you may call to Mounts and Rocks in vain,
Fall on us, hide us from the Sovereign.
They're all consum'd, and now what will you do,
Since there's not one small Stone to cover you?
But was the World in Being, how could you go
To be relaxed from eternal Woe?
Hell and Destruction are before the Lord:
Who can oppose or who effuge his Word?
For to the Desarts shou'd you fly thro' Fear,
His Wrath pursues you, overtakes you there:

Or

Or to the Earth's moſt Viſcerous Concave ſteer,
That's ſtill as vain, his *Judgment* Judges there:
Or with the Morn take Wing and fly away
Beyond the utmoſt Termine of the Sea,
The Lord does even there diſperſe his Power
And on your Souls will Wrath and Vengeance ſhower:
Or to the Worlds expanſeſt Limits go,
His prying Eye can view you thitherto.
If you to Heav'n aſcend, the Lamb of Wrath
Does dreadful *Judgment* on your Souls paſs forth:
Or if to Hell go down, there is the Woe
God in his Juſtice will condemn you to.
O Chriſtians, Chriſtians, can you think of this
And live like ſenſual Brutes in ſinfulneſs,
Throwing Eternity behind your Backs
For a ſhort Pleaſure that true Pleaſure lacks?
Live as you will, rich, poor, and ſmall and great,
Muſt all appear before the Judgment Seat,
And to the Lords demand account muſt lay
Of ev'ry Minute, ev'ry Hour and Day.
How hardly will that Day then go with you,
Who have ſo many ſpent, imploy'd ſo few?
Don't you deſerve his Wrath? And do you think
He at your Errors will connive and wink?
Which way have you oblig'd him to be kind,
Or when was it you didn't provoke his Mind?
Nay, now you're Mute: You can't complain that he,
Deny'd his Spirit, but you may that ye
Refus'd the generous Gift, to entertain
The trifling World or ſomething far more vain.

Now what can more provoke a Man, than t' ſhew
A Favour we'll ſuppoſe it unto you,
And you not thank him for't, and ſlight it too.
But God ſhould be your God, and more than Man,
Yet your ungrateful Caſe is juſt the ſame.
And do you think he will not iſſue down
His *Judgments* on you with as juſt a Frown?
O, yea; he'll do't, to everlaſting Flame,
From whence there's no returning back again.
If ſo, with what amaze will ye review
The Idle Follies here on Earth you do!
What ſhifts and what evaſions you'll invent
To rid you of your certain Puniſhment!
Form your excuſes fine, and try your Tricks,
And Cant the niceties of Politics,
Whereby you cheated others and your ſelves
Into *Effigies* of immortal Elves.
This way you'll look, and that way think to go,
But ev'ry one will repreſent you, Woe.
Here boils the ſcalding *Phlegetontic* Flame,
There ſtands your Conſciences in burning Pain,
And there the Devils with their Whips of Fire
Prompt to derue you to th' Infernal Mire,
And there th' Almighty Judge to damn you to
The torturing Hell your Soul's in Terror rue,
Who to you thus replies in Wrathful Ire,
Depart from me to everlaſting Fire
Prepar'd for Satans ſoul rebellious Crew,
Prepar'd for Sinners and therefore for you.
Chequ'd at this News, the Devils ſtreight prepare,
Altho' they knew your Lives and Converſe were

The

The Common-ſhoar to Hell, like Sumpters t' wait
Thence to Conduct you to the *Stygian* Gate;
Where *Charon* takes the Charge and rows you ov'r
With Expedition to th' *Avernal* Shoar;
Where you're confin'd by everlaſting Chains
To tenfold Fury of *Del Fogo's* Flames.

Here Sirs awake, and let your Fancies Frame
The ill-ſhap'd *Centaurs* of a Cloudy Brain,
Which fright the agoning Soul to ſordid Fear,
Or to her worſe Companion, call'd, Deſpair.
"And juſtly think your ſelves but Human kind
"To the long Cares of a ſhort Life confin'd,
"The riotous Spoil of Death whoſe Beauties muſt
"Crumble to their firſt Principles of Duſt:
And from that moulding State reſurge again,
Whether to Bliſs or to a Deathleſs ſhame,
Is kept conceal'd from your conceiving Brain.
Then ſtrive to let both *Death* and *Judgment* find
A generous Invitation to your Mind,
By living here as if you meant to gain
The bliſsful Glories o'th' *Elyſian* Plain.
For the moſt Pious Soul may look for Woes
Should not God's Mercy Juſtice interpoſe.
And if he ſhall the Righteous ſcarcely ſave,
Where will the Sinner his Salvation have?

S. *Peter* ſays, "That like a Thief, the Day
"Will come, wherein the Heav'ns ſhall paſs away.
"What Perſons (Chriſtians) ought you then to be
"In holy Converſe and Sound Piety;
"Expecting ev'ry Day the Advent nigh,
"When Fire the Earth and Heaven ſhall liquefy.

Majeſtic, Sov'reign Judge, grant I may be
Of that elected, ſweet Society,
To whom the Lord ſhall ſay, *Ye Bleſſed come,*
Poſſeſs the Glories of *Elyſium,*
Prepared from the firſt for ev'ry Soul
That ſhould my Laws Obey.

POEMS ON HELL.

Facilis deſcenſus Averni.
Virg. Æneid. Lib. VI.

The Induction.

NOw Muſe I muſt Indulge thy Fear
In ſhrinking back
At the Grim Aſpect of the hideous Lake,
That terrifies Men to Deſpair;
But Courage take,
And ſing the formidable Cave
Where Satan is confin'd a Slave
Unto Eternity,
Forc'd from the Grand Rebellion, free
From ev'n uſurping that Imperial Throne
Of the moſt bleſſed Trinity in One; Tho'

Tho' by his damn'd Suggeſtions bears a ſway,
Ev'r ſince our Mother *Eve* became his Prey,
And like a monſtrous Tyrant rules
Ov'r our weak Minds, and ſhews us Fools
To be ſo eas'ly led away.
With each Apartment of the Soul that miſſes
The briery Road to the *Olympian* Tower,
Where God diſplays his Regal Power;
And all the Cataracts and Precipices
More damnable than are *Peak's*-A--ſe's,
Whence fall the Brooks that ſo did ſcare
* Natures-*Pudenda*-Traveller.
The Flaming Pits and Priſon Bounds
Where Terror roars and Grief reſounds,
And doleful Sighs force out lamenting Tears
Unto eternal Years;
And each fictitious Stream
Runs conſtantly in burning Flame,
Or with more vigorous tormenting Source
And worſer Pain
Perpetuates its Courſe.
And ev'ry Room's diſtended with the Air
Like Sulphur breath'd from that grim Fiend, Deſpair
Of everlaſting being there.

Pſalm 9. *Verſe* 16, 17. *Paraphraſed.*

BEſotted Race of Men, how you perſiſt.
To Court the World and be with Follies dreſt!
But unadorn that Pride: For God is known
To be a Jealous and impartial One;

---

* Mr. *Cotton.*

Severely

Severely Judging ev'ry Law you break,
As such Degrees unto the *Stygian* Lake.
Then what does all this Trifling World propose,
But *Hell* to gain you and your Heaven lose?
Whilst God continues from his Sublime Throne
To execute his Judgment with a frown,
On all such Wretches who thro' Sin decline
The Happiness propos'd and lose their Time.
Can you expect his Wrath shou'd pass you ov'r
As he did *Jacob*'s Off-spring heretofore,
While you like *Pharao*'s Crew continue vain,
(I doubt more harden'd) and the God the same?
No, the ungodly Man who fixes Joy
In Earthly Toys, and their Inconstancy,
Prizing the billowing World and its vain froth
Before Eternities Substantial Worth,
Is taken at the last in that vile Snare
His own Hand did in Wickedness prepare.
The ways he takes to make him Proud and Vain,
Help to condemn him to eternal Pain.
For all the Wicked who forget the Lord,
And live like Bankrupts on his Law and Word,
Making Religion but their Game and Sport,
And sordid Basis of each idle Flirt,
Are by his Justice, as the Merit thrown
Down into Hell to an eternal Doom.

On the Loss of Heaven.

WHat should I prove a *Hell*? That would be Vain
Since you by Revelation have the same.

And

And who believes a God, believes there is
A place of Torment and a Place of Bliſs.
Yet how you live! how Wicked and Prophane!
Not as you thought of Death, or greater Pain,
Or either *Hell* would ſhun, or Heaven gain.
How does that King of Terrors, Death ſurpriſe
Your dying Souls with Fears and Jealouſies!
How are you ſtartl'd at the ſad Decree,
When you muſt leave this Earthly Vanity!
How do your Conſciences with Terror ſwell!
Yet whence is all this Fear; Is n't it from *Hell*?
The Place you fain would ſhun, and yet live here,
As if you would its Wo and Torment ſhare.
Were not the Angels for one Sin, but one,
Eternally to *Hell* from Heaven thrown?
And to this Day lie Grim, deform'd and foul,
Floating like Monſters on the Surging Pool.
And if God ſhou'd as juſtly puniſh you,
How many *Hells*, poor Souls wou'd be your due!
Alas! you'll find one *Hell* ſufficient Woe
For you Eternally to undergo.
But after Life was there a Heaven alone,
How Vile! how Lewd! how wicked you'd become,
You'd make the Earth a Place of Torment then,
And by your Paſſions beat it to a Flame;
Like as the *Phœnix* to preſerve her Name.
Tho' yours like *Eroſtratus*'s wou'd be
A Name of Scandal and of Infamy,
Who, that it might be talk'd of, what he'd done,
Burnt both *Diana* and her Temple down.

But

But will you be ſo baſe, and ſtrive to gain
The hateful Title of a ſhameful Name,
And after Death to anſwer it in Pain?
What do your trifling Pleaſures here below,
But Type and Figure that eternal Woe?
Each brings Remorſe and draws a Conſcious Dart
Which does with Terror ſtab the ſinning Heart.
And ſo in all your Joys you're ne're at reſt,
But bear a glowing *Hell* within your Breaſt:
Each Sin you act like Fuel laid to Fire,
Augments your Flame and mounts your Torments high'r?
Nay ev'ry Thought you think foments the Pain
As gentle Brieſes do the kindling Flame:
And ev'ry Day you live writes more and more
Within the Volume of your ſinful Score.
This is a *Hell* indeed? but then to loſe
To all Eternity the Heavenly Roſe,
And 'ts odoriferous Smell, eternal Bliſs,
This is ten Thouſand *Hells*. O this it is,
That eats the Soul with Sempiternal Pain
More than a Soul in Anguiſh can ſuſtain!
When Men once think they've loſt their Title there,
How are their forlorn Souls rack'd with Deſpair!
O 'tis this Scorpion-Fiend that mortifies,
Bites with Remorſe, *The Worm that never Dies.*
Nought can corrode ſo far into the Soul,
Search each Receſs and every inmoſt hole,
As this eternal Loſs of Bliſsful Joys,
Not-to-be-ranſom'd, dear Felicities
Of Heav'nly Glories: O that Loſs, that Loſs!
Methinks the Thought ſhould be enough to us,

To

To learn us how to Treasure up above
And fix our Thoughts on that Celestial Love,
Which will reward us with eternal Joy,
And's Uncorrupt to all Eternity.
Is your Sin sweet? * "O what a *Hell* it is
"That does deprive you of Celestial Bliss!
"Then to be drove from an Almighty God,
"From his Sweet Presence and divine abode,
"Exil'd the Regions of eternal Joy,
"And forced from the Lord with this reply,
"*Take 'em away from hence and cast 'em out,*
"*Depart from me ye Curs'd --- I know you not*;
"Must be intoler'ble. For none can bear
That dismal Sound so irksom to the Ear.
How must the Soul then undergo the Pain
Of burning Sulphur and unquenched Flame?
O shun the Grief: Hark, how the Lord invites
And bids you Welcome to his blest Delights,
Come to me, ye that are fatigu'd with Sin,
I'll give you rest and heal your Souls within;
I'll give you ease from all your Misery,
And fix you in a Place of Bliss and Joy;
And I'll unload you of your Mortal Dress
And make you blest beyond your hope or wish.
Then *take my Yoak*; it is a Bondage free,
Altho' you're Bound, you're still at Liberty;
For should the World decry and point you at,
I'll still protect you and exalt your State.
But I have call'd in vain, the Lord goes on
You have ungratefully refus'd to come.

---

* *S. Chrysost.*

O baſe Ingratitude! O with what ſhame
Will you deſcend to Everlaſting Flame!
With what abhorrence will you loth that Hour
When you had got Salvation in your Pow'r,
And yet refus'd the Saving Means of Grace
To pamper up your Luſts in impious ways!
Devouring Torment! O you'll Curſe and Ban
At that unſufferable killing Pain;
Nay, damn your ſelves to all Eternity
Altho' your Sins before did damnify;
And God the Bleſs'd for-ever imprecate,
A true Demonſtance of Infernal Hate.
Let Providence forbid that Helliſh Thought,
What, Curſe the Lord of Life, whoſe Goodneſs (brought
Eternal ſafety to Forlorn Mankind!
Who can with *Hell* againſt ſuch Love Combine?
"Surely was I in *Hell* I ſtill ſhould raiſe
"Tho' in extreameſt Anguiſh, Songs of Praiſe
"Of God's great Wiſdom, Pow'r and bounteous (Grace,
"And Juſtice in appointing ſuch a Place,
"To be the Dowry of each Reprobate
"Who ſcorn Religion, Reformation hate.
O Fatuous Mortals, how you pine and mourn
At any Caſual Cauſe or Fortunes turn!
What is the loſs of all your Earthly Joy
Compar'd with Heaven and Eternity?
What is this Glitt'ring World that vainly borrows
Its empty Glory from the Birth of Sorrows?
Ev'n let it go, what Profit is't to gain
A ſilly Trifle with immortal Pain?
For *ſhould you gain the World and Heaven loſe,*
What Intereſt have ye, where's your Soul's repoſe?

To use S. *Austins* Words, " Nothing can weigh,
" Nothing compensate, nor can equal be
" Unto that dismal Loss, (O dreadful Truth!)
" If there no other were 'tis *Hell* enough.
Then Sirs, consider well the little Sweets
Your Gusto relishes in sinful Meats,
The Intervailing Pain betwixt those Tasts,
The Loss of Heaven and how long it lasts;
And let your Conscience wisely chuse to Day
Whether you will the Lord or *Hell* obey.
For this is that short Day on which relies
Your being blest unto Eternities.
Lord let me never know the fatal Loss
Of thy Eternal Love.

On the Darkness of Hell.

HEaven guide me now, for what a Dungeon's here
It dulls my Pen and racks my Soul for Fear
What Legions of Souls lie here confin'd, (Mind,
With Chains and Fetters Gaul'd, with Grief their
Devour'd by Snakes, whilst Monstrous Toads defile
And Poyson them into an ulcerous Bile!
But their most Pestilential Misery
Is its high Arched Walls obscurity.
How Dark and Dern, how dismal and obscure!
None other 'tis but Heav'ns *Pudenda* sure;
Fix'd most remote from its illustrious Eye
And those *Elysian* Fields of Bliss and Joy,
Within the Centre of the lowest Earth,
Far from the Cherub Sounds of Heav'nly Mirth;

Where

Where neither Sun nor Moon nor Stars display
The least Refulgence of a Glimm'ring Ray.
A Land of Darkneſs and Death's Sable Shade
Without all Order or *Decorum* made.
Confuſion, had it ev'r a Place of Root,
Did certainly from this at firſt Branch out.
'Tis like a Second Rout of *Babel's* Crew,
For all can ſpeak, but none know what, or how.
One fain would pray, but then he thinks his Pray'r
Will give no eaſe; and ſo runs to Deſpair.
Another, he Condoles his Wretched Woe,
Commiſerates his Fate, yet damns it too.
A third calls to his Friend, but he not hearing
Damns all within his view, himſelf not ſparing.
So all in ſome Affliction taſt their Doom;
But yet alas it is ſo dark a Room, (come.
They ſcarce can ſee from whence their Scourges
The *Egyptian* Cloud ſure ſprung from this ſad Cave
That to the Senſe ſubſtantial Darkneſs gave,
And hover'd ov'r the dull and dreary Plains
Of *Pharaoh's* Coaſts in terryfying Pains:
But here it Reigns with more tormenting Source
And to Eternity retains its Courſe.
It is not Darkneſs for a Day or two,
Nor is it only for a Week or ſo;
But for a Term not limitted nor bound,
Which Circulates in a perpetual Round.

This is that dreadful formidable *Hell*
Of which our Lord does in his Goſpel tell
The unbid Gueſt; to whom the King will ſay,
(Having no Veſture on the Nuptial Day)
How camſt thou here, bold Knave; return again,
Or elſe I'll throw thee to eternal Pain. Had

Had I not known thee by thy Dreſs and Gate,
Thy conſcious Look would ſoon condemn thy State
O baſe Impoſtor! doſt thou refuſe to go?
Take him and caſt him to eternal Woe:
Where *outer Darkneſs* is the only Feaſt
For ſuch a Confident impetuous Gueſt.
Amazing Sentence, to be bound to Grief,
To Darkneſs and in *Hell* without reprieve,
No hope of eaſe, nor yet reſpite to gain
But bound like Gallies to continual Pain!
O miſerable! *Hell* is too rightly term'd
Dark and Obſcure, from that prodigious Fiend
Who with proud Guſt in his Ambitious Mind,
As black as *Hell* it ſelf, reigns ſupreme Lord,
And Tyrant-like ov'r thoſe that him ador'd
Foments the Pain, and by his horrid Law
Like cruel *Nero* keeps 'em down in awe;
Who arrogantly ſaid, *He did approve*
His Subjects Fear more than his Subjects love.
And 'tis illumin from the trembling hue
Of human Souls, that poor diſtreſſed Crew
Of forlorn Wretches who deſpis'd the Day
Of ſaving Grace and its Cœleſtial Ray.
Then 'tis all Cloudy with the Sulph'rous Smoke
That in continual Fume the Damn'd does choke.
For at the general Day, when all muſt know
Their Dooms in everlaſting Bliſs or Woe:
A Star (as 'tis reveal'd) did *Hell* diſcloſe,
From which an Eye-depriving Smoke aroſe,
That with a Caligating Blackneſs did
The Air Infuſcate and the Sun-beams hide.

But most of all 'tis miserably dark
For want of God's commiserating Spark
Of kind Indulgence: O his Mercy's gone,
And from this atrous Den to Heaven flown.
Condemned Souls cannot redeem it here;
Damnation Rules, no Mercy t' interfere,
Nor interval of time from this sad Pain,
To call for Mercy or Assistance gain.

To lose the sight of all your earthly Joy
Is sad to think, yet to eternity
Is as a Minute to ten Thousand Years
Each one augmenting your tormenting Fears.
And then to lose the Bliss of Heav'nly Light,
And that Angelic and Transparent Sight
Of God and Angels, and the Saints that raise
Unto the Lamb triumphant Songs of Praise,
And your own Tast of all that Glorious Joy,
For Grief and Pain and endless Misery;
Is down-right Madness. How can reason think
You standing on the *Phlegetonic* Brink
And see the Cave below, thou'd hast your fall
To such a terrible destroying *Hell*:
Unless *by Nature being born in Sin*
Will not degen'rate from your Origin,
And therefore naturally tumble in!
If so, 'tis Justice that you should acquire
Your recompence in everlasting Fire.
And tho' there's Fire it only lights your way
Your Sins to shew and folly to betray.

O deadly Torment! In continual Night,
Involv'd in Darkness without any Light,
And in Immortal Pain without Respite?

There's

There's no Reſpite, but Light enough to ſhew
Your fatal Loſs and your Tormentors too;
And Fiery Whips of ever-burning Flame
Piercing your Souls with never-dying Pain. (Mind,
Here Scoffs and Scourges would reproach your
But there to hear 'em from each Helliſh Fiend,
And feel them without Intermiſſion too,
Muſt be a *Hell* too hard to undergo.
Innumerous Sights like theſe will fire your Pain
And add the torment which you muſt ſuſtain.
Then you ſhall ſeek for Death and wiſh to dye,
But Death purſu'd the farther off will fly.
Alas! 'tis *Hell* to all Eternity.

Thus *Hell*'s obſcure and darkneſs to deprive
Your Souls of all that can enjoyment give;
But not to keep conceal'd the diſmal Sights
Of Grief and Terror from your aching Sp'rites;
Nor to allay your Pain, nor give you eaſe,
But to remind you of your evil ways.
O learn t' eſcape this damn'd infernal Place;
Lay by your Sinful, diabolic deeds,
Wage open War with that deluding Prince
Whom God condemn'd, and now would damn
His Satanic Suggeſtions diſobey. (you ſince;
'Tis they graft Sin in you, and ye in they.
For would you batter down his damn'd Eſſays
To your Deſtruction, with aſpiring Praiſe.
Of Gods great Goodneſs, it would daunt the Elf,
And be a Charm againſt the Devil himſelf.
Then to avoid this Dungeon *Hell* of Tears
Work your Salvation with Tremendous Fears,
Leſt ye be forc'd to weep and wail and cry,
And gnaſh your Teeth unto Eternity. Lord,

Lord, wash my Cloudy Soul, and it preserve
Within thy Sacred Beams.

On the Fire of Hell.

THis dreadful formidable Sound of Fire
Almost compels my Muse in Fume t' expire,
But that I hear an hideous bellowing Noise
Like Cracks of Thunder from the Cave t' arise,
Which makes me view the Conflagrating House—
Sure the *Cerberian* Mob is all broke lose!
What howling, roaring — O it frights my Pen!
I must abruptly leave ——— ———
Now turn agen,
Tho' not with less amaze, yet less Concern;
For now the Object, Flames, my Senses learn
From whence they have their terrifying Growth,
I see from *Hell*, the horrid Pit beneath.
Where *Pelops's* wretched Sire ducks to the Flood,
But like a Mistress that is Coy and Proud,
She scorns his Offer with a slight Disdain,
And adds more Passion to his killing Flame.
As 'tis in *Ætna* thought *Vulcanian* Forge,
By evolving Instruments disgorge
Consuming Flakes of Fire, and some conceive
The Central Flames do that Eruption give:
So I more aptly think it Typifies
The Fire unquench'd and Worm that never dies.
Mistake me not I do not say 'tis *Hell*,
But represents it as perpetual.
Because it burns with fierce continual Fumes
And yet the burning Mountain unconsumes.

For

For our Terracean Fire Deſtroys and Waſts
The groſs Corporeal Things its Pallat Taſts,
And will extinguiſh its devouring Breath,
By burning on it burns it ſelf to Death.
And yet 'tis terrible when got ſupreme,
What Horror Springs from an uſurping Flame!
To ſee an Houſe on Fire, O what a Fright!
Or Malefactor burn, O Gaſtly Sight!
How fierce muſt the Infernal Fire be then,
Which is eternal as the Souls of Men,
And with continual Vigor does enflame?
It nev'r decays nor ceaſes to Torment,
Nor is it in one Spirit only pent;
But all condemned Souls muſt ſhare the Fire
As their Offences juſtly do require.
How then will you eſcape this horrid Pain,
Who live on Earth ſo very lewd and vain?
You cannot think to have Heaven here
And after Death another Heav'n to ſhare,
For if you did, then certainly you muſt,
Think you were only Good, and God unjuſt.
Unhappy Men! you falſe *Ideas* frame
Of his real Eſſence and Almighty Name;
Grown irreligious and devoid of Fear,
Think him like Idols that you worſhip here;
Which 'cauſe ador'd and no Obſervance ſhew,
Conceive he minds you juſt as little too.
But that's a groſs miſtake; and ſo're thoſe Toys,
You do ſo very fondly hug and Prize.
Alas! you find no Heav'n where you think ſo,
But after ev'ry taſte remorſe and Woe.

Which when you're dead, will with perpetual
Shew what they are, a Fire, and hold their (Force
Without expiring or allowing time (Courſe,
To rub your Sores, or wipe away the Brine
Which will in conſtant Floods guſh from your Eyes
With doleful Groans and everlaſting Cries.
But you may think Tears will aſſwage the Pain;
Ah! that Conception's frivolous and vain.
For tho' on Earth Tears Sorrow will allay,
And you by Weeping weep the Grief away,
It is not ſo in *Hell* each Tear and Sigh
Add more to your extorting Miſery:
And this is all you find to quench the Fire,
Which by its Saltneſs mounts the Torment high'r.
O ſtrange Affliction without mitigation,
No end of Torture! What a horrid Station
The Wicked then acquire! O't muſt be true,
Not only I but God repeats it too.
He being provok'd; thus, *I will Fire expel*
That ſhall enflame and burn the loweſt Hell;
Nor ſhall the Earth it ſelf my Rage eſcape,
But once more turn to a confuſed Heap;
And every prophane Soul in active Flame
The moſt afflicting Torment ſhall ſuſtain:
Beaſts ſhall devour 'em, Serpents ſuck their Blood
And make the Lives an Everlaſting Food.
That muſt be painful, when the ſmalleſt Worm
Bred in your Bodies with outragious Torm —
Racks you to pieces; or the ſmalleſt Part
With Fire contacted gives exceſſive Smart.
To ſuch like Pains you may acquire a Cure,
But *Hell*'s malicious one will ev'r endure.

For

For ever? O that everlasting word
Does frightful Racks and Jealousies afford!
To see the Floor and Canopy in Flames
Involv'd in Lightning and impetuous Streams
Of sparkling Sulphur, lost in livid Fire,
Tost with the Air the Hellish Fiends respire;
And from each corner of the *Stygian* Lake
Hear howls and roars your Fellow Creatures make
Like Clouds repeating Thunder from the Skies
When Lightning with the Water disagrees;
Confin'd to hear and see and feel the Fire,
And yet your Senses and your Strength intire,
Bound up in Thraldom like a Vassal pent
To undergo eternal Punishment,
And forc'd t' abide it; adds a twofold Pain
To that devouring Torment you sustain.
Then Sirs be humble, for wise *Syrac* terms,
The Vengeance of the Vile to Fire and Worms;
And mortify the Flesh and vain desire,
For our good God is a consuming Fire.

Lord, quench my Lustful Flames and fond desires,
Lest they enflame my Soul.

On the Chains of Hell.

TAke him away and bind him Foot and Hand,
Is what the Lord in Fury did command
Against that interloping Slave who came
Unbidden to the Feast, yet void of shame,
He crowded up as an invited Guest,
And thought to 've shar'd the Dainties of the Feast

'Tis even ſo with thoſe who live Prophane,
Yet think they Merit by our Saviour's Name,
And tho' they take the way to go to *Hell*,
Conceive he'll bring 'em back againſt their Will.
But you perhaps may cry, *Hell*'s not your Aim,
All our deſire is to come back again:
Heaven is the Place we wiſh, on which relies
Our hope for future and eternal Joys.
And do you live, as if you wou'd acquire
The wiſh'd for ſummit of your great Deſire?
No, there you fail, and rather ſtrive to gain
A Servile Bondage in eternal Pain.
For be n't deceiv'd, if in licentious Seas
You ſteer on here, you ſteer the Devil's ways,
And tho' you bear a Chriſtians Name about,
The Lord will with the Devils *caſt you out.*
Did not the Virgins when the Door was ſhut,
Cry, *open Lord?* he turn'd, *I know you not.*
Juſt ſuch will be your Fate; your Lamps expire,
And then you're thrown to everlaſting Fire.
Upon the Marriage-day you may appear,
But when the Lord ſhall ſay, *how came you here?*
You like the unbid Gueſt are mute for Fear.
Seeing on one ſide your accuſing Sins,
On the other ſide *Hell*'s gaping Fiends,
And ov'r your Head God thundring from above,
And underneath the damn'd infernal Grove:
Then Heav'ns impartial Juſtice thus replies,
Reſtringe the Nerves to all Eternities,
Tie up their Joynts and *bind 'em Hand and Foot,*
And to perpetual Darkneſs *caſt 'em out.*

O there's no 'ſcaping Subterranean Bounds,
The Stings of Snakes and bites of Helliſh Hounds;
No remedy for ſores nor *Balſam's* there,
Nor ſweet *Elixir* to impede the Fear;
No pleaſing *Tincture* nor *Electuary*
To heal the burning tongue or throat that's weary;
No *Opium's* there to lull the horrid Pain
Which you inevitably muſt ſuſtain;
Nor yet *Synchriſma* to anoint the Holes
Which Chains and Bonds and ev'ry Fetter Gauls,
But unto hopeleſs end wrapt up in Chains,
There to Converſe with everlaſting Pains;
Bound to endure *Hell's* Cataracts of Fire,
Impendent Horrors, which will not expire;
Trampl'd upon by Devils, forc'd to bear
Fetters and Manacles for ev'r and ev'r;
No eaſe, nor relaxation to be gain'd,
But in eternal Sulphur link'd and chain'd;
No running thence to ſhun the dunning Fiends,
Each thought of Freedom ſo much faſter binds;
Reſerv'd and deſtin'd to eternal Woe,
Eternal Flame, eternal Devils too,
Eternal Grief, and to eternal ire,
Eternal Brimſtone and eternal Fire,
Eternal loſs of all eternal Joy,
And to perpetual Obſcurity,
Eternal Scourges and reviling Breath,
Eternal Shame, and to eternal Death.
O this muſt needs be terrible indeed,
To ſee eternal Miſery agreed
In ſuch prodigious Pains; alas, and yet
Hopeleſs to *pluck the Feet from that vile Net!*

O what a grief the *Chain of Hell* affords!
" For to be bound altho' in silken Cords
" (As * *Sherlock* meditates) or Golden Chains
" On sweet Perfumes or upon Roseal Balms,
" Confin'd, unable thence to stir the Hand,
" To move the Foot or to unty the Band,
" Unto the Noble Soul is racking Pain,
" And more than it in Reason can sustain.
" Than how much greater are the Hellish Pains,
" Bound, wrapt and ty'd in fiery Sulph'rous Chains,
" Which will devour and mercerate the Flesh,
" The inmost Bowels and the Souls recess;
" Compell'd to lodge within a Flaming Bed,
" Unable to remove the Hand or † *Pede*,
" Neither to stir nor change side from side,
" But in immitigated Pain t' abide.
Yet could you move, no flying from the Pain,
The Devil, his Fiends, and Torments are the same
All ov'r the *Stygian* Coast, thus Misery
You're bound to suffer to Eternity.
And 'tis but just that you who unrestrain'd
Live upon Earth, should when in *Hell* be chain'd,
Who here respire in Pride, should there be lour'd,
And have upon you Wrath and Vengeance pour'd;
Rolling in Billows of the horrid Vale,
Involv'd in stench and smoak and poys'nous Gale,
Confin'd, exil'd, and driven out from Bliss
To utter Woe in the abhor'd Abyss;
Where Pain of inextinguishable Fire
And flaming Sulphur will your Souls inspire

---

* *In prac. Med. de Inf.* † *i. e.* Foot.

With

With Howls and Roars and exclamating Sound,
Which merely to foment your Grief redound;
Pent up like Gally-Slaves to undergo
Inexorable Scourges, Grief and Woe,
Within a dark opprobious Den of Shame,
Where Tyranny does ever Uſurp and Reign
Ov'r thoſe who bow'd to the *Gehennal* Chain:
From whence there's no Redemption nor Reſpite,
But link'd for ever in eternal Night.
O can you now look at the flaming Pit,
Each Cavern, Rock, and burning Cataract
That are ſo dangerous and precipit,
And like ungovern'd fearleſs Spirits leap
Into the ſurging Snares, whence no eſcape
From Bonds and Fetters, Manacles and Chains,
Which will confine you to eternal Flames,
And not at your vile Crimes in Tears relent
Nor let God's Mercy *Work you to repent?*
O how Obdurate! but Lament, Lament.
Good God, preſerve my ſliding Spirit free.
From Hell's *Tormenting Chains.*

On the Extent of Hell-Pains.

WHat depth immeaſurable muſt I ſound?
The Devil himſelf no bottom ever found.
How muſt I plumb then ſuch a boundleſs Pit,
Whoſe length, breadth, depth were never fathom'd (yet?
'Twou'd be like Phyſic to a Man interr'd
Or like to Honour in the Grave preſerr'd,
Should I with Vanity attempt or ſtrive
The Depth of that expanſive Cave to dive.

Then

Then I'll desist, and with Content remain
Only to search th' *Extent of Hellish Pain.*
This is a Subject from the Days of Yore
And as unlimited as that before:
Its torments that damn'd Souls do over-shroud
Are without Number, like the Pitchy Cloud
Of Locusts wraping on the Eastern brieze
Which in evil Day did *Pharao* seize,
Hung ov'r his Realm like everlasting Night,
And darken'd all the Land with tedious fright.
And so with double Vigor they aspire
'Twixt upper, nether and surrounding Fire,
Promiscuously divided to the Croud,
Amongst the Drunkards and prophane and proud:
Who roaming round within their Brimstone Spheres,
Drinks Cups of Flame to everlasting Years;
Lugging their Woe, not ceasing, tho' they tire,
But ev'ry Step, tread to the Chin in Fire.
Not as the Poets in fictitious Mood,
Place *Tantalus* so far in aqueous Flood.
Alas, no Water's there! There's not one drop
To cool your Tongue, or give you ease or hope.
It froths indeed, but then it flames and boils
Into a Torment too, that nev'r recoils,
Nor ebbs, nor falls, nor has a mingling Stream
T' allay the scorching Billows of the Flame.
No gentle *Dove* runs there, nor fiercer *Thames*
To cool the parching Fire or ease your Pains;
But if; they'd give a more tormenting Noise,
As Fire and Water in the aereal Skies.
When mingling Forces, do alarm us here
With consternating and amazing Fear.

And

And ſince 'tis vain in Hell to hope for eaſe,
Why will you Heaven loſe, your Luſt to pleaſe,
And ſwim to Torment in prodigious Seas?
So *Dives* ſail'd, and now to Heaven cries,
To draw down Water by his hideous Noiſe;
But all in vain a deluge is deny'd
To drown the burnings of Infernal Pride.
And as ‖ the Father ſays, "'Tis juſt of him
"Whoſe Life in this World has ſo deadly Bin,
"Death ſhould be Life in puniſhment for Sin.
Tantalean Thirſt and the *Siſyphian* ſtone
Tho' Fictions in themſelves, derive it down
That there's a diff'rence in *Erubian* Pain,
And tho' in *Hell* yet tortures not the ſame.
Each one receives according to their Deeds,
And ev'ry Crime its proper Sulphur Feeds;
For as * a learn'd Divine obſerves it well,
Each unrepented Sin torments in *Hell*:
"The proud Ambitious mind (like *Babel*'s Crew)
"Shall ſuffer ſhame and be confounded too:
"The ſlothful, idle, and the careleſs here (there:
"With burning Goads ſhall be prick'd forward
"The Covetous ſhall there be pinch'd with Need,
"And what he did not want, ſhall want indeed:
"The Glutton, Drunkard and the ſenſual Mind
"With Thirſt and Hunger ſhall for ever be pin'd:
"The hateful, envious, and malicious Soul
"With rage and grief ſhall like to Mad-dogs houl:
"And who've made Idols of Luxurious Sports,
"Combuſted Brimſtone their wretch'd ſouls retorts.

‖ S. *Gregor.* * *Dr. Sherlock. in Prac. Med. de Infer.*

"In

" In short, the Sin a Man commits, torments
" Unless in time Repentance it prevents.
Rous'd from their Slumber with a fiery gale
Of black *Gehenna* from old *Hinnon*'s Vale,
(A Vale of Pleasure erst, now Type of *Hell*,
Ordain'd for whom against the Lord rebel.)
The *Senses* startle at the sudden change, (strange,
With looks consternd think hellish Torments
Roam here and there and think 'tis all a Mask,
Until they find it an eternal Task.
The *Palat* first, with nice and squeamish Gust
That once eat Dainties, licks up loathsom Dust,
And Poyson sucks belch'd out by vip'rous Fiends,
Which racks the Veins and ev'ry Artery rends.
The *Ear*'s Delight, reviving Tunes and Songs,
And Bocobels of Praise in crouding Throngs;
Are there transform'd to houls and thundring roars
Which shake the Concave and its *Stygian* Powers.
The *Smell* once pleas'd with scenting rich Per-
Embalmed Sweets and odoriferous Plumes, (fumes,
Scents in that Lake the most offending smell,
The excremental part of all in *Hell*.
The *Sight* that us'd to Feasts on Plays and Balls
And run from Church to Shews on Festivals,
In *Hell*'s confin'd to fix its Wanton Eyes
On horrid Devils of a Monstrous size.
The *Touch* the last and most desir'd Sense
Which of all other is the Supreme Prince;
Is there tormented with eternal Pain
Of raging boundless Fire and livid Flame.
Thus all the Body, Nose, Ear, Tougue and Eye,
Are swallow'd up in endless Misery;

Rack'd

Rack'd with Deſpair and everlaſting Grief
Beyond the hope of Reſpite or Reprieve,
As they've inord'nate been in vain Delight,
For *ſhan't the Judge of all the World do right?*
Be Zealous therefore and repent your Crimes;
God only knows the State of future times:
'Tis he alone reſtrains the Pow'r of *Hell*,
Can mount your Souls above or down repel;
Whilſt you in Jollity and Mirth blaſpheme
The *King of Kings* and his moſt ſacred Name.
But what can you expect whilſt you're ſo vain?
God is a God that's juſt, he takes no Fee,
Nor won't be brib'd to Cloak your Knavery.
Tho' there are ſome I own, who live Prophane
And think their Money-Bags will make 'em clean.
But when God ſtands their Judge, they'll want,
Some Supererogating Reliques there, (I fear
T'appeaſe that Wrath they pull'd ſo juſtly down
By offering an Idol at his Throne. (Crown!
Then damn the Prieſt and his three ſtoried
O *fly that Wrath*! for as S. *Gregory* ſays,
"The loweſt degree within this horrid place
"Is Puniſhment enough, if rightly weigh'd,
"To make the Sinner in his Sin afraid.
If I muſt ſuffer, Lord, let it be here:
O *ſpare me after Death.*

On the Perpetuity of Hell-Torments.

Redeem the Time whilſt God forbears his wrath,
For when in *Hell* there is no getting forth.

No

No hope of Mercy or Redemption's there
To mitigate the Pain or Soul to chear,
Oh, 'tis a *Hell* to each ſucceeding Year!
And far more dreadful than my Pen can frame,
My Head can fancy or my Tongue proclaim:
For tho' a Proſpect of the Cave I've ſhewn,
I have but dim and faint *Ideas* drawn.
No Mortal Man can think that horrid *Dis*—
Half ſo tormenting as it really is;
Neither in ugline's nor diff'rent Shoals
That lie involv'd within its fiery Pools;
Nor dreadful Cries nor terrifying Sounds
That eccho thro' the *Acherontic* Bounds;
Nor damn'd Inventions that the Devils find
To pain the wretched Race of poor Mankind;
Nor cannot penetrate with moſt concern
The laſting time of a perpetual Term;
For all things are ſo fickle and untrue
Methinks Eternity muſt end it too.
Yet ſhould we lay by Faith, Reaſon may ſee
There is a certain *Primum Mobile*
From Everlaſting to Eternity.
But whither do I rove? return, return,
And once more view the Cave where Spirits burn
Aſſign'd to Woe unto perpetual time;
Plagu'd by the Devils and adjudg'd by him.
On which the righteous will reflect with Joy
When Death unloads 'em of Mortality,
Sing *Hallelujas* to the ſaving Grace
Which did conduct them from that dreadful Place;
And ride in Triumph on Cœleſtial beams,
Wrapt up in Rapture and Ambroſial Streams,

Like

Like Rivers flowing of continual Love,
Belov'd of God and all the Choir above.
Where is it then the Wicked muſt appear? (Fear,
["Hence ſprings my Terror, hence comes all my
"My Joints are loos'd, and O! my ſtartl'd Head
"Like Palſy-ſtruck, ſhakes with a panic dread:
"Now I would run t' eſcape the anſwering Sound,
"But ſee I cannot, for my Nerves are bound.]

In *Hell.*

O Conſternation! What a damn'd Abyſs!
The Source of Torment! What a Dungeon's this
The Deprivation of *Cæleſtial Joy*,
The horrid Concave of *Obſcurity*,
The Flaming Pit of everlaſting *Fire*,
And *Boundleſs Ocean* of the Devil's Ire;
Oblig'd by *Chains* to piercing Miſery,
And all theſe Pains to *Perpetuity*.
This is a *Hell* indeed! Infernal Curſe! (worſe.
'Tis more than *Hell*, if there's a Place that's
And now vain Men, is not your Conſcience fear'd
To hear theſe torments for your Souls prepar'd?
Or do you not believe the Words you've heard?
In outward ſhew you may drive Faith away,
But yet your Conſcience will your Lives betray,
And after Death ten thouſand Woes repeat
At your Infernal everlaſting Fate.
For if you live Prophane or Lewd or ſo,
What can you look for but eternal Woe?
Which will inevitably be your Doom
If you in Sin and Vice continue on.

'Tis not one Moment that you suffer Rage,
Then to be free; but to eternal Age.
Hell's constant War, no interfering Peace,
Its torments slack not, nor relax, nor cease.
Each dreary, baleful stream retains its Gait,
First, dreadful *Styx*, the Flood of deadly Hate;
Ov'r which *Erinnys* with malicious Spite
Sits envious Brooding like eternal Night:
Sad *Acheron* of Sorrow, black and deep,
Its doleful Motion does with Torment keep:
Cocytus, nam'd of Lamentation loud
Heard on the ruful Stream, a mourning Flood:
Phlegeton's rolling Waves of torrent Fire
In flame with Rage, and burning do aspire
Up to *Gehenna*'s top: *Lethe*'s slow Stream,
Oblivions brook, which as the Poets feign,
Lies most adjacent to *Phlegeton*'s Flame;
Whereon *Medusa* sits and guards with Care,
By the rude Tresses of her Snake-like Hair,
Lest Souls that constantly sail ov'r the Stream
Should dip their Fingers and forget the Pain.
Tho' these are Fictions, yet the diff'rent Streams
Shew us in *Hell* distinguishable Pains;
And so as Rivers keep their constant Course
As if they had Eternity for Source;
Thence intimate, that Hellish Misery
Torments damn'd Souls to Perpetuity.
O Sirs, then let this direful Place deter
You from Infernal Acts, and don't defer
The precious Minute to Futurity
Lest you defer it to Eternity!

For

For Death is certain and his time unknown,
Therefore be Watchful, leaſt the Theif ſhall come
And find you unprepar'd. O then you may
Thus with your ſelves expoſtulating ſay,
"Who now ſhall help ſo vile a Wretch as me
"Who 've ſerv'd the Devil and Carnality?
"I've Crucifyed the Lord; I can't expect
"That he ſhou'd ſave me or my Soul protect.
"The Fiend that I've obey'd anon will roar,
"Rent, tear, and my confounded Soul devour.
"O whether muſt I fly to 'ſcape that Wrath?
"I've oft been told of Judgment and of Death,
"And God's diſpleaſure at Unrighteouſneſs:
"But yet been earneſt in perſuit of Vice.
"My Heart I harden'd and my Conſcience ſear'd;
"Mercy not Vengeance made my Soul afraid:
"But now I ſee the bottomleſs Abyſs,
"Good God! *I tremble at thy Righteouſneſs.*
"O that I cou'd redeem the Hours disburs'd
"In doing nothing, or in doing worſe! (Plays
"Or cou'd call back the time I've ſpent in
"In Taverns, dreſſing, and in fooliſh Ways,
"In Courting Miſſes, and in Converſation
"Talk'd here, but hatch'd within the *Stygian* Na-
"In Vexings, Troubles, and Litigious Cares (tion
"For trifling Honour or the Worlds Affairs!
"How cou'd I ſpend it in the *Houſe of Pray'r*,
"In Pious Duties and Religious Care!
"But Oh, Religion was my greateſt Fo,
"And being Pious was the Worſt of Woe;
"For when I went to Church I even thought
"My time ill-ſpent, or what I heard ill-bought.

" When I was there, be ſure the Prieſt pour'd down
" Threatings againſt the very Acts I'd done;
" Which ſometimes ſtruck my Soul with dred
(and fear;
" And well-nigh put a ſtop to my Cariere:
" But for that Reaſon I came ſeldom there.
" O had he Preach'd Debauchery and Vice
" The only Path to Everlaſting Joys; (Road,
" None ſure had ta'en more Pains to keep the
" Nor been ſo ready to oblige a God!
" The Temple then had been the only Houſe
" Where I'd have kept my ſeventh Rendez-vous.
" But if I got a Chamber and a Miſs
" I then could Preach my ſelf of Love and Bliſs.
" A ſilly thing ſo call'd but really Pain
" Under Diſguiſe of that bewitching Name.
" Then farewel Folly; Nay, alas! I go
" Now to poſſeſs thee in Eternal Wo.
" O that I'd been more Wiſe and ſtopt in time,
" Before I'd felt the Puniſhment of Sin!
" Then I'd been bleſt, and nev'r ſo ſadly known
" The Grief and Anguiſh of a Wretched Doom.
" But now theſe are Impoſſibilities
" Fit for Deſpair and for Eternal Sighs,
" Which I muſt breath in yonder Cave of Fire,
" Hopeleſs to dye or for the Flame t' expire.
Now will you be Debauch'd and live ſo Vain,
Making Religion but an Ale-houſe Game
And go deſpairing to Eternal Pain?
Will you deſtroy your ſelves to keep a Whore
To pleaſe your Luſts, and make your Children
Poor?

And

And will you be ſo Arrogant and Proud?
To ſcorn Eternity and ſlight your God?
Lament, lament, and with Contrition Pray
Your deareſt Lord to Shine a ſaving Ray
On your diſtreſſed Souls. Implore to Day.
For when you are within the fearful View
Of fiery *Orcus* and its Sulphurous hue,
And hear the crackling ſouls and their dein Noiſe,
And you deſcending to Eternities;
No wonder then if yours for Mercy Cries:
But that's too late. Begin without delay;
Lament, relent, repent your Sins to Day.
Sirs, purify your Souls, St. *John* reveals,
" That nothing is admitted that defiles
" Or is prophane, unto the Heav'nly Throne
" To be of Angels a Companion?
" For all that do againſt the Lord rebel
" Are caſt alive into the burning *Hell*,
Moſt Merciful and juſt, my Soul defend
From ſuch a diſmal formidable End,
And with thy bounteous Grace, Lord, her inſpire
That ſhe may riſe up to the heav'nly Choir,
Implac'd before thy Throne and to thee Sing,
Eternal Songs of Praiſe.

POEMS ON HEAVEN.

Sed revocare gradum superasq; evadere ad auras
Hoc opus, hic Labor est.
Virg. Æneid. Lib. VI.

The Induction.

NOW all those devious paths are past
My little Muse thou'rt come at last
To the *Elysian* Plains,
Where Sing in Joy thy strains
Then clip thy Pinions and lie down in Rest.
Cant ov'r that high supernal Throne,
Where limits of Celestial Peace
Environ the Seat of Bliss
Like to an Emerald-colour'd Zone,
Round which all Saints are since they dy'd
Continually imploy'd
To tune their Rapturous Notes, and thence to raise
Or Sing,
To the Eternal King

En

Encomiums of Eternal Praiſe
For it is there
The juſt made perfect are,
And thence are paid in Glory, Joy, and Mirth
For all their ſervices on Earth
Which they did ſhew
In Rev'rence and Obedience due.
There *Hallelujas* from each Mouth
Do warble forth
Continual Joy,
From whence reverberate to ev'ry Hill
Bliſs, Love, and Peace, *and unto Men good-will,*
And amity
And all the Joys we to our ſelves inſure
But find obtuſe and dull
Upon this Fabric; there are pure
And in Perfection full,
And ſo continue rarify'd and Fine
To everlaſting Time.

Pſalm XXIV. *Verſe.* 3, 4. *Paraphraſed.*

WHO ſhall be thought deſerving to aſcend
Into the Holy Hill, or fit t' attend
Upon a King ſo glorious and Divine,
Whoſe Glory does the Sun it ſelf out ſhine?
Or whoſe Deſert preferment can afford
Within the Sublime Palace of the Lord,
That matchleſs Peice of everlaſting Praiſe
Where God the Beauty of his hand diſplays?
Or who ſhall up in exaltation riſe
To ſet in Honour far above the Skies,

With Majesty adorn'd; or shewn such Grace
To be admitted to that Holy Place?
Those who Temptation has not drawn aside,
Nor with ambition puff'd nor haughty Pride,
Nor let desire of Gain, nor its vile Pow'r
Their Reason and Humanity devour,
Nor fain a Prey to gain their Children Lands
To sordid avarice; but with clean Hands
Wash'd with Contrition from Impurity,
Injustice, Fraud, Deceit and Villany,
Have thankfully receiv'd what God thought fit
In Wisdom to bestow, or they should get:
And have not only wash'd their outward Skin,
But with pure Hearts from Voluntary Sin
Liv'd uncorrupt and free, and from all Lust
And base affections of Unsavoury Gust;
And have not lift their Minds to Vanity,
As Pomp and Pow'r and such like worldly Joy;
Nor wrong'd their Neighbours, nor injurious been
In Lies or Oaths to lessen their Esteem.
Heav'n's their Reward, who with full Cargo
Liv'd to those Principles Religion taught. (fraught

On the Greatness of Heaven.

SEraphic Rapture! What a glorious Vision!
It can be nothing else but God's *Elysium*.
O what a Kingly Palace I descry
Built up to *Heaven's* top, thrice *Babel*-high!
Surpassing that one fam'd which had of old
Gates richly burnish'd with *Opheirian* Gold,

To

To which from *Heav'n* the Lord descending came
To dwell with the Rebellious race of Men.
The Portal is inimitable on Earth,
And shines as it had from Saphire ta'en its Birth,
Imbellish'd thick with sparkling orient Gems,
That are more Lustrous than the aereal Flames,
O! they're less Radiant when Meridians.
The Palace Court is so expance and large
It covers Kingdoms and does Nations verge:
And ev'ry Column that supports the Tower
Rise up to Arches from the Divine Power:
The Fabric all in Miracle appears,
Rail'd by his Word and Balustred with Stars.
So very Glorious there's no Model can,
(Therefore beyond the Compass of my Pen)
Nor shading Pencil can delineate this,
This dazling Prospect of Eternal Bliss.
From this it was, which was to *Jacob* shewn
Angels ascending and descending down,
In *Luz*'s Feild, when he from *Esau* fled
To *Padan-Aram*; on a Rocky Bed
Dreaming by Night under the open Sky,
At last awak'd, rous'd up, and thus did cry,
This is the Gate of Heaven. O charming sound!
That uncontained Word acquires no bound.
How large and spacious, ample and expanse,
What height and Splendor and Magnificence!
What Rapture flows from thence, and what amaze
Fills all our Spirits with a pleasing Ease!
My Muse already sags, and fain would here
Write down a *Finis* to her short Cariere.

She

She ſtands to View how great, and what exceſs
Of everlaſting Happineſs and Bliſs:
And knows not what to think, how to expreſs.
O how immenſe are thoſe bright Globes we ſee
That circulate the Earth in Harmony,
Thoſe pretty ſparkling Orbs, which ſhew ſo ſmall
Yet are more large than this Terrenean Ball!
Heaven then muſt needs be great, which verges round
Such ample Globes and their each Spherial bound,
Beſides a more expanſive vacuous ſpace
That's unimploy'd betwixt each Orbic place;
For Myriads of Miles do lie betwixt
Each diſtant Globe as they're diſtinctly fixt,
Or elſe our famous Aſtronomers fail
In the portraicture of the Heav'ly Scale.
But *Heav'n* not only ſhews Magnificence
In the vaſt Scope of its Circumference,
But in the pow'rful and unparallel'd State
Of its Divine Majeſtic Potentate,
Who in his Sacred and Angelic Trains
Out vies the Greatneſs of all Sovereigns;
Who make this echoing Noiſe with empty things
So much ador'd, call'd Palaces of Kings.
What is the Greatneſs of an earthly Throne,
That in a day's acquir'd, and loſt aſſoon,
If you compare it with the Heavenly one?
Whoſe Power and Greatneſs is Eternity
Maintain'd in everlaſting Peace and joy,
Without the terrifying frightful Stir,
Of breaking Truces or Proclaming War.
Each Angel's there a Prince, and all *juſt Men*
With Majeſty like Kings inferior Reign;

Look'd

Look'd on as mighty, and are really ſo
Beyond the greateſt Monarch here below.
They have no Toil in buſtling for a Crown,
Nor hazarding the Title to their own;
Nor do the meaneſt fear a Tyrant's frown.
They nev'r adore Dame Fortune for her Pow'r,
Nor prize her when ſhe's ſweet, contemn her ſour;
Nor dread a Traitor, nor invading Fo,
Nor think of an Aſſaſſinating blow.
Their Greatneſs is not envied. O 'tis free,
And everlaſting to Eternity.
This is a Bliſs indeed! Come Sirs, and taſt
A joy that's conſtant without wane or faſt.
A conſtant Greatneſs! a thing unheard of here;
For juſt one taſt you cou'd not pay too dear.
How ſmall a thing's the World or life if given
To gain a Glorious Majeſty in *Heaven*!
Your Joys are here but trifling, low, and mean,
Which you muſt quickly leave, you know not when
The ſweeteſt Bliſs you taſt recoils with woe,
And all your Greatneſs is an empty ſhow;
All your Preferment's troubleſom and vain,
And you get nothing when the moſt you gain,
Unleſs it be Eternal Death and Shame.
Your Wealth deceives you with its gawdy Dreſs
And robs you of the very things you wiſh,
Content and joy and everlaſting Bliſs.
Tho' this you know, you're furious and vile,
And ſet a Flame to your Eternal Pile;
When God would free you from that Helliſh Wo,
Nay, came from *Heav'n* himſelf to make you ſo.

O how you call with eagerness and joy
To any Earthly Prince, *Vive le Roy*,
And wou'd to God one small Hosanna cry!
Who in his Wisdom did you Souls Create
And now would give you *Heav'n* to make you great
Can you abuse such Love? O turn and see.
The cursed Folly of Iniquity.
See how the silly World misleads your Eyes
To pain Eternal from Eternal joys.
But check the wild Carière, and curb your Ways,
If you'd be truly great and gain the Bays.

* As for me, Lord, thy Will and Word shall be
" The Rule whereby I will my Worship pay:
" Thy wondrous Works, thy Glory, and thy Praise
" The cheifest Subject that my Tongue shall raise;
" So that Men shall admire and Praise thee too:
" For all the Mighty Acts which thou dost do:
" Also thy Pow'r and Greatness I'll applaud
" Which are so Marvellous, so great and broad.
" Not to be thought by me.

On the Brightness of Heaven.

EXcessive Beauty! What refulgent shine
Darts from the Glories of the Lord Divine!
What dazling Rador from his Sacred Eye
That does the *Lilly*'s beauty far outvy,
Tho' *Solomon* in all his Glorious Dress
Was not array'd in splendor like to these.
For the wise Son of *Syrac* says, it shines
More Glorious than the Sun a Thousand times.

* *Psal.* 145. *v.* 5. 6. *Paraph.*

O ſplendid Beauty! Who can Judge aright
Of ſuch a Glorious and Coeleſtial Sight,
That ſo ſurmounts the glimm'ring Orb we ſee
Which puts the World into activity,
And by his Influence inſpires the Earth
With an indulgent generating Birth?
O Heav'n's a City needs no Sun nor Moon
To raiſe in its Seraphic Horizon,
For 'tis enlighten'd with the gliſt'ring Rays
That God's Majeſtic Countenance diſplays.
The Cherub Company exceeding far
The ſhining Luſtre of the greateſt Star;
The Angels in the Glory do excel
Bezoar, Onyx, Diamond or Pearl,
As much as ſublime Bodies thoſe below
From which ſuch dazling precious Gems do grow
And all the Martyrs, Saints, and *Righteous Men*
Like *Phœbus* ſhine when in Meridian
And *Heaven*'s ſweet and mellifluous Air
Is bright and ſplendid, purify'd and clear;
No Vapours there exhale, nor meteors fall
To dew the Marble of the Regal-Hall;
Nor Clouds, nor Miſts make dark the Heav'nly Light,
But all continues rarify'd and bright;
Nor Rain, nor Storms, nor Tempeſts there ariſe
T' annoy the Pleaſure of Coeleſtial Joys;
Nor flaſhing Lightnings to the Eye appear,
Nor dreadful Thundrings to affright the Ear,
Nor yet infection to diſeaſe the Soul;
For the whole Region's moderately cool
There flow'ring Odors, Caſſia, Nard and Balm
Winnow eternal Sweets, with briezes calm,

Gen-

Gentle and kind, dispers'd in Mirrhal Groves,
Which with an Equal Gust each Angel proves;
Girt with a starry Zone of Purity,
Chast as the Doves which hate Adultery,
And so repose unto Eternity.
And thence refulge, like golden burnish'd Stars
Drawn with a Model upon *Indian* Wares,
Which add the Lustre of the Merchandize
And they the Glory of the lucid Skies.
The Year's one Season, like as *Flora* breaths
Mild in the blooming Spring on roseal Wreaths,
When sweet *Aurora* lightly does disperse
The charming Wavings of her Golden Tress,
And upon ev'ry Bough Birds chant and sing
The lively Echoes of a Verdant Spring;
When they with pretty Notes chirping and clear,
In choral Symphonies divide the Air,
As if they were appointed by the Dawn
In Sonnets so to crown the smiling Morn.
Such is the Glorious *Heaven* and its Joy,
Balmy and sweet to perpetuity:
From whence in Nectarous Streams do issuing flow
Glory and Splendor, Love and Honour too.
"But how should I draw here a perfect Line
"Of that Coelestial Bliss and Joy Divine,
"which does all Objects in the World outshine?
"What must I represent? How must I find
"An equal Parallel to speak my Mind,
"Since there is nothing that my Thought can
"But what is fading, transcient and vain frame
"And thro' the Portal of my Sences came?

"Fain

" Fain would my labouring Soul expreſs the Joy,
" But Oh, ſhe's hinder'd with Mortality.
" Good God, unload her then, and inobſcure
" Her Darkneſs here, and make it light and pure.
O happy Viſion, when the Light came down
From *Heaven* and round the Perſecutor ſhone!
How inexpreſſible, how clear and bright
Was that amazing and cœleſtial Sight!
How moſt effectual! and what raviſhing eaſe
It gave the Soul, as well as ſtrange amaze.
Revers'd its Actions, and refin'd its ways!
Yet that was but a Glimps or half a view
Of that which pious Souls arrive unto.
Will you be wicked then, and ſee ſuch Joy
Reſerv'd in Splendor to Eternity;
For Righteous Perſons, and refuſe to be
Of that felicify'd Society;
When God does in this Exhortation cry,
O turn ye, turn ye, Sirs; why will you die?

* " When I'm in Health, O Lord, 'tis thee alone
" I make my God; the Friggat I ſail on,
" Thro' the vaſt Ocean of my Grief and Woe
" Which ev'ry Day and Hour I undergo;
" For thou upholdeſt me in all my ways
" And guid'ſt my Pinnace thro' theſe narrow Seas.
" Conduct my Courſe, O Lord, and ſteer me on,
" That I may ſee the Splendor of thy Throne,
" And be Co-heir (as thou haſt promis'd us)
" With thee in all the Glory of thy Bliſs,
" To everlaſting Age.

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* *Pſal.* 41, *v.* 12. *Paraph.*

On the Tranquillity of Heaven.

AS when the Sun in haſt has toil'd all day
To gain the briezing *Zephirean* Bay,
And then with liquid *Thetis* ſups all Night
While ſhining *Cinthia* comes to give us Light;
Which watery Orb allays the active Fire
That all the day-time did our Souls inſpire,
And to the *aqueous* Eſſence gives a Pow'r
That it the *igneous* one may govern ov'r.
Which domination fill's our thinking Heads
With ſtupid Dullneſs from our day-paſt deeds,
And thro' Sleep, Death's elder Brother, gives
A Sweet repoſe from our Affairs fatigues.
So ev'ry Pious Soul that *Jaſon*-like
Thro' greateſt hazards does with Vigor ſtrike,
And valiantly ſubdues the *Dragon*-fiend
The tempting Fo of ev'ry Chriſtians mind,
Acquires a greater than the *Colchian* Fleece,
A *Golden one* of everlaſting Peace.
For *bleſs'd are they who in the Lord do dye*:
Such are ſecure and from Diſturbance free;
They're not turmoil'd how to be Rich, nor great,
Nor how to ſhun the Caſual turn of Fate:
They've all they can deſire of bliſs and joy,
And *from their Labors reſt* Eternally.
And where they live no ill comes to the Place,
Nor have they any limit of their days;
There's no exalting Kings, nor pulling down
Nor Wars Proclaming to obtain a Crown;
No Malice Reigns, nor Envy nor Deſpite
To any Title can Proclaim a right;

There

There's no purloyning, nor prefidious Cheat,
Nor Law-ſuits there to gain you an Eſtate
Nor any Felon to attempt your Lives,
Nor Theif nor Robber for your Treaſures ſtrives;
But all the Pleaſures there in one agree
To add the Summit of Tranquility.
O glorious Peace! which from the Morn to Even,
And to Eternity is ſtill in *Heaven*,
Veil'd with a ſhadowy Cloud of immenſe Love,
Flown from beneath and only found above:
Like fair *Aſtræa* who did here reſide,
But once abus'd, her Smile ev'r ſince deny'd.
To Sublime ſpheres her waſting Wings did tend,
And won't till Judgment down again deſcend.
The taſts of balmy ſweets poſſeſt her Soul
And ſuffer no vain Winds to fan it cool.
O inexpreſſible, exceſſive Joy
That blooms in Rapturous Tranquillity!
What Delectation and what eaſe it gives,
How free from evil ev'ry Soul ſurvives
Within its flow'ring Borders? unconfin'd
Both in the Body and the Soul and Mind,
At eaſe and quiet; for there's nothing there
Can fright 'em into Jealouſy and fear;
Nor is their Hardſhips there to bruiſe the Bones,
Or rack the Fleſh with Pain, the Soul with Groans.
But all repoſe at reſt, with Flowrets crown'd
Which in a tranquil State their Heads ſurround;
Quaff Immortality and Joy ſecure
From any ſurfeit, innocently pure
Within receſſing Citron groves and Myrrh,
Beyond the thought of what can be or were
In that bleſs'd Garden our firſt Parent dreſt
Without fatigue, Diſturbance or moleſt.

How ſweetly might you bask your ſelves, and lie
Tranſported with that everlaſting Joy!
How ſweetly might you walk within thoſe Groves
Where Golden Branches drop down conſtant Loves!
And how might you poſſeſs this Happineſs,
And Allegorically reach the Bliſs!
But you, alas, reject a conſtant Peace!
What only bound to one? O, no, you're free
To taſte Eternal raviſhes and Joy. (wiſh?
What would you have, what is the thing you
Is it not everlaſting Joy and Peace?
For if you have the World and not Content,
'Tis then no Bleſſing but a Puniſhment.
If rich and great and yet your Conſcience grieves,
You can't poſſeſs the good that Fortune gives;
But all you have's a Scourge or worſer Bane,
Juſt to Foment the boilings of your Pain.
But *Heaven*'s Joy's not like the Joy you've here,
Or rather trouble in your Worldly Care;
There's no remorſe of Conſcience, grief, nor fear.
Oppreſſion, nor Injuſtice do diſturb
The ſweet repoſe of that Cœleſtial Orb;
Such adverſe Creatures are expell'd the Bliſs
Of that Triumphant, everlaſting Peace;
Struck down by Juſtice, and compell'd to go
To Tribulation and Eternal woe,
There to breath out their Pride in grief and Pain,
Perpetual Torment and a Deathleſs ſhame.
No Sin nor Wickedneſs in *Heav'n* they ſhare
That ſo expel their Lamentations there;
For all this Wicked World is overcome,
Trod down, deſpis'd, contemn'd and trampl'd on,
Before they can aſpire unto the height
Of ſuch a Peaceable and bleſs'd delight.

The

The Pale-fac'd fiend, that Parent of Deſpair
That Plagues you ſo with Jealouſy and fear,
Is from this Place of Bliſs repuls'd and ſcorn'd,
And into Immortality Transform'd.
So conſequently nothing here decays
But reſts in Peace to all ſucceeding Days.
Then treaſure not on Earth where Theves break thro',
Moth doth devour, and ruſt Corrupt it too;
But lay your Treaſure upon Heav'nly Bliſs
Which will continue to Eternities.

* " O Lord how Pleaſant thy Pavilion is
" Which flows for ever with Ambroſial Peace!
" My Soul deſires, for I am cloy'd below
" With the Worlds folly and its vainer ſhow;
" To be with thee in thy Cœleſtial Courts,
" To hear the Hymns and Heav'nly reports
" Of acclamating Sounds, which Angels raiſe
" In ſplendid Triumph of Eternal Praiſe
" To thy great Goodneſs, Pow'r and Majeſty:
" My Heart O Lord, cries out to be with thee,
" And with Eternal Peace.

On the Honour of Heaven.

VAin-glorious Pomp and ſeculary Pride
In this Vain Life can only be enjoy'd,
Acquir'd by hazard and preſerv'd by Care
With dread of Danger and continual fear;
Turmoil'd in Thought how to obtain the Bays,
Or Lawrel-Trophy of a frothy praiſe:
Which thro' your great Atchievments if you gain,
It helps to make you but more Proud and vain.

* *Pſalm* 84. *v.* 1, 2. *Paraph.*

But then 'tis odds your mouldring Body muſt
Crumble to Atoms in th' *Olympic* Duſt,
And then your Famous and Heroic Name
Goes to the Grave ſtain'd with diſgrace and ſhame:
But if it chance you only loſe the Day,
Then you like drowſy Boys are huſht away.
So all the Honour that this hurry gains,
Won't countervail your Labor and your pains.
Infectious ſound of lower Pomp and Glory,
Thou like thy Mother Earth art Tranſitory!
Wou'd you have Honour for your Merit given,
Look up above for it reſides in *Heaven.*
There's True-born Honour, not vain glorious Pride,
The ebb and flowing of this Worldly tide,
That moves and ſwells with adulating Breath,
And makes this pother on the wond'ring Earth;
But exaltation to an Heav'nly Throne,
And Honour that proceeds from God alone.
That is an Honour worth the Pains of gaining,
From Danger free or hazard in obtaining,
And repreſents the greateſt Tribulation
Eaſy and frivolous, in Computation
With that immenſe and Glorious Reward
In Scripture promis'd, by the ſupreme Lord,
Be faithful unto Death and I'll pour down
Upon thy Head an everlaſting Crown
Of Life Immortal, and Eternal Bliſs,
And wreath thy Temples with Felicities.
And now ſuppoſe ſome Earthly Prince ſhou'd ſay,
Who ev'r my Royal Precept does obey,
And by's puiſſant Valor can ſubdue
The worſt of Enemies, my greateſt Foe,
Suppoſe a King of ſuch a Place, or ſo;

Upon his Head ſhall were my Royal Crown,
And be inveſted with my Princely gown,
And have my Palfrey for to ride upon;
And Heralds ſhall Proclaim, *Thus it is done,*
To whom, the King has all his Honour ſhewn.
As heretofore the *Perſian* King did do
To *Haman*'s moſt inſufferable Jew.
Would you not ſhew all Rev'rence to obey
And gain the Trophy of ſo great a Day?
Has not the Lord then promis'd greater things,
Than ſimple Honour from poor Earthly Kings,
On eaſier Terms than ſuch a dangerous Caſt
Of loſing Life or breathing out your laſt?
And will you now Decline and Diſobey
And throw the Honour of that Crown away,
Which is a Glorious and Eternal Life,
Free from the hurrying Noiſe of War and Strife.
No Foe can there your Intereſt invade,
Nor can you by a Traitor be betray'd
No Enemy can rob you of your Crown,
Nor by his Armies pull you from your Throne;
Nor can you by another be Out-done;
Who by his Valour may Out-ſhine your Ray,
Or take the Honour you've acquir'd away.
O noble Gift! that Righteous Men receive,
When ſuch a King as God himſelf ſhall give.
He gives no fading, Tranſitory toys,
But everlaſting and perpetual Joys.
Nor does he any way deſtroy his own,
Altho' he gives to ev'ry one a Crown,
And now ſuppoſe ſome Earthly Prince would be
The Mirror of all Generoſity.
And place upon thy Head his Regal Crown;
Muſt he not Vainly pluck it from his own,

Lay down his Pow'r and live more low and mean,
Whilſt thou becom'ſt more great, more proud and
In giving one he may diſplay his Pow'r, (Vain?
But he deſtroys it at the very Hour.
Yet where's that Prince degenerous and baſe,
To wrong his Honour and ſucceeding Race,
Will give his Crown to one ſo vile as thee,
Who Merits neither it nor Majeſty?
Was one ſo ſtupid, what a ſilly thing
Is Honour given by an Earthly King!
How vain, how trifling, Subject to decay,
As ſure to end as the preterit Day,
And as unſtable as the billowing Sea!
The true *Veſtigium* unto Honour's bower,
Is one in Earthly and in Heav'nly Power:
Vertue conducts to Honour's Golden Treſs
And places her upon the meaneſt Dreſs,
Her Hyacinthian Locks Glitt'ringly wave
In Cot as Palace, Palace as the Cave.
Simplicity and Spotleſs Innocence
Are only her Well-fortify'd Defence,
Thoſe nobly pierce the Skies, for ſays their Donor,
Who me Obeys, him will my Father Honour,
O vaſt Humility! what give a Crown
To thoſe vile Stocks who Crucify'd his Son,
And did with Inhumanity diſgrace,
Revile, Reproach, beſpit the lovelieſt Face
Of men ſince born, or ev'r before that Hour
Reſpir'd on Earth, tho' in the greateſt Pow'r!
What Bounty undeſerv'd! Yet he goes on,
To him that does with Courage *overcome*
The lewd perſuaſions of the Devil and Sin,
And ſuffers not their Lieurs to lug him in,
Shall have Poſſeſſion given of all the Joy
That's great and Glorious to Eternity. Now

Now will you leave this Honour for a ſhame
That will devour you with Eternal Pain?
And rather take Damnation, Hell, and Wo,
Than with a pleaſing eaſe to *Heaven* go.
There is no eaſier Terms you cou'd have had
Then ſweet Obedience to an Amorous God?
Who courts you thus to Silent whiſp'ring Bowers
And downy Banks of Honour's damask'd Flowers.
Comply, comply in ſweet attractive Mood,
And ſhew Obedience to a God ſo good.

* " Send out thy Light O Lord, thro' ev'ry hole
" Of my Poor, Cloudy, Miſerable Soul,
" And by thy Truth diſperſe what is obſcure,
" Prophane, diſhonourable or impure
" And lead me by thy Ever-bounteous Grace
" From all corrupted and Polluted Ways:
" O bring me to thy Hill, where all's Divine,
" Untainted, Immarceſſible and Fine;
" And let me have the Honour once to taſt
" The bliſsiul Joys, and never know a Faſt
" From thy Eternal Love.

On the Power of Heaven.

WHat multifarious Voice is this I hear (Air,
Severs the Clouds and Echoes thro' the
With ſhouts of Gladneſs and Rejoycings ſound
That from each Mountain to each Rock rebound,
Salvation, Honour, Power, and Glory be
With *Hallelujas* to the Lord moſt High,
Who reigns Supreme ov'r all Terrenian Powers,
Rais'd on a Throne with Pyramids and Towers

* *Pſal.* 43. *v.* 3. *Paraph.*

Of one Cœleſtial Orb Sublime another,
By Wonder colligated all together;
Form'd and Created of Divine Mold,
From Diamond Quarries hewn and Rocks of Gold?
O 'tis the *King of Kings* that bears this ſway
To whom all other Kings Knee-tribute pay
The vile Memorials of their humble Pow'r
Before his lofty Throne look wan and lour,
And with Pale fear ſurpris'd, they ſhake and ſhiver
At the dread Pow'r of *He that lives for ever.*
Moloc, the furious King of Rebel-rout,
Who ov'r the *Ethnic* World dominion got,
Uſurping Tyranny, and did require
Their Off-ſpring burning in his Deviliſh Fire:
So 'dor'd as God the *Panim* Altars ſmoak'd
With Blood imbru'd of thoſe that him invok'd.
The *Ammonite* in *Rabba* him ador'd,
In *Argob* and in *Baſan* fear'd his Word;
And *Moab's* Sons bow'd to his following Crew,
And *Iſrael* in *Shittim* Worſhip'd too;
Till good *Joſiah* did his Pow'r repel
And drove him thence into the Neither Hell:
Where Damn'd Deſpair within his Boſom boils
And like a deviliſh Engine back recoils,
Hopeleſs, upbraided with Infernal fate
Belches on Mankind his Infernal Hate.
Yet *he believes and trembles* at the Power
Of *Heaven's* King in his *Olympian* Tower.
That aws the greateſt Soul and frights the leaſt
With dread and Terror not to be expreſt;
And turns to Sorrow ev'ry laugh and jeſt.
Lord! when it Thunders, what amaze and fear!
How are you frighted! how you fall to Pray'r!

How

How ſimply do you look, as if from thence
You would be only made of Innocence!
Yet with the Clap your Reſolution's ov'r,
And you fall on to ſinning as before.
But that is but a Type of what's to come
When you muſt certainly receive your Doom.
If here your Souls with Sin and Luſt you ſtain
When Dead, you have them in eternal Pain;
But if you live more chaſt, reſerv'd and free,
Then you have Pleaſure in the ſame Degree.
For to the *Faithful Servant* who obeys
His Lord in equity and righteous ways,
And feeds his Houſhold with eternal Food,
He'll make him Ruler over all his Good:
But he'll deſtroy the vile and *evil Slave*
Who has imbelliſhed the Goods he gave
To his Command; ſo damn'd to Grief and Pain
He then may breath Eternity with ſhame.
Here lie the diff'rent States of Woe and Bliſs;
And will you now refuſe the happineſs? (know,
You'd fain have Honour, Wealth, and Pow'r, I
And yet you ſlight the means will make you ſo.
It ſtrikes me with amaze, that you ſhou'd be
So much averſe to your own Liberty;
For all your Luſts and earthly Joys are Chains
Which do enſlave you to eternal Flames.
O caſt thoſe Bonds away, for *Heaven's* alone
The place where freedom does erect her Throne.
There you are unreſtrain'd, have Pow'r, are free,
To taſte the Rapture of each Heav'nly Joy;
There ev'ry Joy's your own, and there you may
Glut ev'ry Senſe unto Eternity.
O then fiducial be! What Glorious Pow'r
Free and Ingenuous in that bleſt Hour,

When

When your Cœleſtial Lord ſhall think you fit
To be partakers of his Joy and it,
Will he beſtow in Sympathizing Love;
Honour in Power of all the Joys above.
Honour to taſte thoſe Sweets, Power to poſſeſs
The higheſt Rapture of Cœleſtial Bliſs.
It is not like the Earths, for here you may
Have Pow'r to rule, but not a Pow'r to ſway.
Nations may own you for a Sovereign,
But yet your Paſſions may be your Supreme;
You cannot ſatisfye 'em nor reſtrain.
In *Heav'n* you may, there's all the Happineſs
Your Soul can fancy or your Heart can wiſh.
An univerſal Rule cou'd Man enjoy,
Yet what a fickle and uncertain Toy
Is that to boaſt of? What a feeble Worth,
More like an *Ixion* Cloud or watery froth,
Gone with a bluſtering Wind or boiſt'ring ſtream
Paſt all reprieve or turning back again,
Than an immutable or conſtant Name!
Great *Alexander* did the World ſubdue,
And conquer'd Kingdoms God alone knows
Whether by's Proweſs or a fatal Bow: (how,
But all ſubmitted to his thundring Name
And own'd him for a matchleſs Sovereign.
A Pow'r that with more hurry and ado
Beſides him none cou'd ev'r arrive unto.
Yet what did this avail his mighty Fame,
But after Death to repreſent it vain?
He dy'd mere Man; it could not add one Day
Unto the Minutes he had thrown away.
Then why ſhou'd you rely on that vain Breath
Which ſtoops a Subject to the Pow'r of Death;

Since

Since *Heaven's* Honour which the Lord bestows
Is not compounded of such trifling shews,
And you with far more ease may gain the Bays
Of Life eternal and eternal Praise?
He Crowns the Radiant Gem with orient Stars
Of Heav'nly Pow'r ov'r the Celestial Cares:
Thus he, *As thou'st been faithful ov'r a few,*
I'll make thee Ruler over many too.
Ennobl'd Sentence! What Benignity?
What sweet expressions of eternal Joy?
How kind and Noble, genuine and free?
He'll make you true-born Heirs of promis'd Land
If ye observe and do his Laws command;
Joint-Heirs with Christ in all his Regal Power
Both upon Earth and in his Heav'nly Tower,
Then stop your Folly, and assume the ways
Which will acquire you these Triumphant Bays.

* "Lord, in my Dangers and Adversities
"'Tis unto thee alone I lift my Eyes,
"Because thou can'st of thy abundant Grace
"In innocence protect and guide my ways:
"All my reliance or the hope I have
"Is fix'd on thee for thou can'st damn or save;
"O cast not out my Soul to Pain and Grief,
"Lest there I lose my hope, nor find reprieve;
"But rather by thy Sovereign Pow'r and Love
"Give me a Mansion in the Joys above,
"That I may sing thy Praise.

On the Riches of Heaven.

LOrd! What a trouble, what ado and pains
Have we on Earth to ruck a little gains!

* *Psal.* 141. *v.* 11. *Paraph.*

How

How muſt we lug, how muſt we hale and pull
To fill the Corner of a Coffer full!
And when 'tis there, how muſt we lock and bolt
To keep the winged Prey from flying out!
What in the getting with the toil and care,
What in the keeping with tormoil and fear,
Conſider all, we are better poor and bare,
For when we're poor with what a ſweet'ning eaſe
A little Plenty does our Fancies pleaſe!
And if we're rich, the very ſight of Store
Makes us more greedy and deſire it more.
Alas! the greateſt Joys we here obtain
Are but unſatisfying, weak and vain.
If we would have an everlaſting Joy,
Fly up to *Heaven* and there's Eternity.
O boundleſs Ocean! what a Flood runs there
Perpetual Circle in a Golden Sphere!
What glittering Streams, and how their pretty
Swimmingly dance in everlaſting Joy! (fry
How cou'd I angle there to catch the Prey
And dally out in ſport my Hours away,
And think 'em all well ſpent if I could gain
The Silver Scales that ſo adorn the Stream!
How ſhould I hug my Soul to think that I
Had reach'd the Summit of eternal Joy,
And got the Riches of ſo bleſs'd a State!
Each pleaſing ſmile would boaſt the conqueſt great
I ſhou'd not know how to expreſs my Thanks
For all the Rapture of thoſe pleaſing Banks.
And wou'd not you the ſame? O no, you'd cry
With *Rachel, give me Children or I die.*
Some momentary good I know you'd chuſe,
To which your Senſes were relax'd and looſe,

That

That at the preſent you cou'd eaſieſt gain,
At lighteſt Charge or with the ſmalleſt Pain,
And with your greedy Eyes adore the ſame.
To which in your fantaſtic ſneaking way,
You'd ſcrape your Cringes and your Homage pay.
Yet what wou'd pleaſe you in her God-ſhips ſmile,
Wou'd only be a Vanity and Toil,
Pleaſing one Senſe, but in Prophane abuſe
Denying a general Good a generous Uſe.
And though you lock her up, yet *Riches may*
Aſſume ſwift Wings and quickly fly away.
Perfidious Vanity! What ſilly Toys
Are the Enjoyments of your earthly Joys?
How fickle and inconſtant falſe and baſe,
And tranſient in their moſt enduring Rays!
Like to the Gourd which *Jonah* overſpread
Blooming and green all Night, ith' Morning Dead.
But leave 'em, leave 'em to the turns of Fate,
And fix your Thoughts on a ſublimer State;
To *Heav'n* riſe up, to that benignous Place,
And fill your Souls with God's preſerving Grace:
For that's a Cabinet contains all ſtore
Of Riches, Jewels, Wealth, and nev'r grows poor.
There's no corrupting Gold, nor Silver Bait
To turpify your Souls, or maculate (low'd
Your genuine Thoughts; nor gorgous dreſs al-
To puff your Fancies or to make you proud;
Nor Sumptuous fare nor coſtly poignant Toys
That you ſhou'd the *Lazarean* robe deſpiſe;
Nor a Laſcivious Miſs to roll the Eye
T'allure your Heart into Adultery;
Nor large Demeſns that may expect the Bow
From ev'ry Peaſant whoſe Degree's below,
Whilſt you oſtentous look: I know not how.

But

But Greatneſs, Beauty, Honour, Pow'r & Wealth
Without the Title of deceitful Pelf,
Or emulating thought or ſtriſe to move
Your lower orb unto a Sphere above:
With flow'ring Peace and gentle murmuring Rills
Of Heav'nly Tincture on *Elyſian* Hills,
And plenteous, Plenary, perfective Joy
Of raviſhing, Nectaral Felicity;
And *an etern, exceeding Weight of Glory,*
Perpetual, Multiform; not tranſitory,
Nor Light, nor Vain, nor Shadowy, nor Dull,
But ſound and pond'rous, in perfection full:
And now to raiſe your Summit to be ſmall,
In *Heav'n* the Lord ſhall be *your all in all.*
What greater Riches can you wiſh than this?
Which way can you riſe to a greater Bliſs,
Than to accompany ſo great a God?
Methinks the very Thought might make you proud.
An humble Pride I mean, that y' have a God
So Great, So Kind, ſo Generous and Good
That condeſcends t' admit you to his Throne,
And then to make you his Companion.
O moſt Cœleſtial Joy? how Rich and Great
Is the Enjoyment of a Heav'nly State!
When God the Spring and Author of all Grace
Is the triumphant Crown of that ſweet place;
In whom there's Honour, Greatneſs, Pow'r and
Perfection, Eminency, Peace and Health, (Wealth,
Refulgent all in Splendor like the Sun
When Zenith-height in full Meridian.
What wou'd you more deſire? There's all can
Your fickle Humors, or relax to eaſe. (pleaſe
The quavering Feathers of your flying Minds,
That ſoar above their groveling Confines,

And

And *Icarus*-like impetuously gain
A sudden fall to everlasting Flame.
Aud will you then be poor, when you may be
So rich and great unto Eternity?
The Bliss is soon acquir'd, with far less Pain
Than that you take to make you low and mean.
'Tis strange to see how sedulous you are
To gain a little Wealth, a trifle, here,
And yet remiss in your eternal share.
O prick that slowness on; for ought you know
This Day you must from all your Pleasures go,
And leave the World on heaps, you know not
Then for your Dissolution Sirs, prepare, (how.
If from the World you can one Minute spare.

* "Look well, O Lord, and search my Heart
"And see if any Wickedness remains (and Reins
"Within my Soul, or Avarice or Stain. (clean:
"And purge it out from thence and make me
"And by thy generous and boundless Love
"Preverseness from my sinful Breast remove,
"And lead my Soul without Distrust or fear
"Thro' all the Mazes of my frailty here,
"Unto Eternal Life.

On the Pleasure of Heaven.

NOw whither will my wafting Fancy drive,
Is this a Mask, or is't to Heav'n I'rrive?
It can be none else but th' *Elysian* Port
Immerg'd in Pleasure and involv'd in sport.
How balmy Spices and delicious Gums
Breath out their odoriferous Perfumes,
Far more Seraphic than Arabian Groves
Where Birds in Innocence Coo ov'r their Loves.

* *Psal.* 139. *v.* 24. *Paraph.*

And

And in ſweet Melody do warbling raiſe
To God Almighty chirping Songs of Praiſe!
But whence this Extaſy and rapturous Noiſe
That ſeems to rend the Air and cleave the Skies?
Hark how it Echoes! Sure the Angels Sing
In choral Symphony, *Long live our King!*
Which thus reſounds to ev'ry Vale and Hill,
Peace upon Earth and into Men Good Will.
O what a Heav'nly Voice! let us accord
To ſing in Triumph to our gracious Lord,
* "And let us come before his glorious Face
"With Songs of Thanks and everlaſting Praiſe
"For his Amazing, condeſcending Love, (above,
"That pour'd down Mercies from the Throne
"When our Deſert claim'd Wrath and Vengeance due;
"Nay, did deſcend him ſelf to ſave us too.
"Then let us all Rejoyce that we've a God
"So Merciful, ſo Gracious, and ſo good,
"With ſinging Pſalms to him who has not thrown
"Our Lot into a Land that is unknown,
"Where *Moloc* like a Sovereign Tyrant Reigns
"And draws his followers to eternal Pains.
"For our dear Lord is great, and to be fear'd
"Both in his Love and Wrath that h' has prepar'd:
"Above all other Gods he ſits ſupreme,
"Whether ador'd as ſuch, or call'd by Name.
O boundleſs Joy! O what a God have you!
And yet you are perfidious and untrue.
If you'd no other Joy on Earth to gain
Methinks this mingling one might eaſe your Pain.
Alas, but what's a Joy, you think a Woe,
A pain, a toil, too hard to undergo!
You know not where t' begin, which way it is
That will conduct you to eternal Bliſs.

* *Pſal.* 95. *v.* 2, 3. *Paraph.*

But

But on the left-hand you pursue and haſt,
For there already you begin to taſt
The Joys of Heaven; in ev'ry little toy
You eas'ly can unveil a Glimps of Joy:
But yet the Reliſh does ſo little grow,
You know not whether 'tis the way or no.
O 'tis a groſs Miſtake; for that's the Lane
Which will conduct you to Eternal Pain.
'Tis quickly known, 'tis not the way to Bliſs
And ſee how Common and how Wide it is,
See what a Crew of Merry Lads walk there
How brisk and Gay without Diſtruſt or Fear,
Not underſtanding how they go, nor where.
But View the Right-hand Road and there's not one
Is ſeen to paſs, if paſs'd, the Time's unknown;
That way's all Briers and Thorns, and rough and rude,
And being untrodden's Grown a Solitude.
But that's the Path to *Heaven*. 'Tis hard to go.
'Tis very hard indeed, and Painful too.
That is (I mean) for ſuch Prophanes as you.
But if you'd have 't, 'tis worth a Sigh or Groan,
For if you can get there, there you'll have none;
There from your Miſery and Pain your're free,
And all your taſts are an Eternal Joy;
There's neither Diſcontent, nor Grief, nor Care,
Nor yet Diſeaſe, nor Malady, nor fear,
But all on Earth your Souls can think or wiſh,
Flows there in Rivers of continual Bliſs,
No ſad nor Melancholly thought are there,
For all the Region is a Youthful Ayre
Tun'd by the Cherubims, who ſweetly Sing
Holy, holy, holy to their God and King.

O what a Pleasure, what an ample Joy,
To see these Glories, hear this Melody
That is Harmonious to Eternity!
And to participate of Divine Love
And up and down in blissful Gardens move,
And have a full Enjoyment of that Pleasure
Which has no Limit but a Boundless measure,
And infinite excess of lasting sweets,
Yet without surfeit as in sensual meats!
O what a *Heaven*'s this. How firm and Stable!
What soft Recesses! how inutterable
Are its Caresses which each Righteous Soul
Receives in Joy, and drinks in ev'ry Bowl
Full Draughts of Nectaral Felicity,
Wreath'd round with Glory and Eternity!

Now Sirs, will you despise, contemn and slight
An everlasting, Ravishing Delight,
When you with so much ease, so little Pain,
So little trouble might the Bliss obtain?
An Hour or two well row'd would gain the Bay,
Then will you throw your Lives and all away?
Rise up, if you from Sleep one Hour can spare,
And if you will not Work, then go to Pray'r.
Do something for your Souls: but that may be
An Aggravation to your Misery.
'Twill break you of your rest; Slug on, slug on
And drive the Time untill the Judgment come.

* "Remember me, O Lord I'm Poor and mean,
"And therefore thro' my frailty weak and vain,
"Subject to slide away with Vanities,
"And fix my Pleasure on uncertain Joys;
"But gracious Lord, to me thy favor show,
"As thou dost unto those who keep thy Law:

* *Psalm* 106 *v.* 4. *Paraph.*

O

"O visit me with thy preserving Grace,
"And save my Soul from that infernal Place
"Which is inhabited with Grief and Shame,
"And constant Torment in Eternal Flame,
"And bring me to thy Joy.

On the Company of Heaven.

LOrd! what a Host of Spirits move along,
Far more innumerous than the *Babel* throng
Who rais'd the Pyramid in *Sinar*'s Plain
To mount the Poles, but with Design in vain.
Or that vast Croud which *Semiramis* sent
To batter down the *Indian* Government.
Or that huge Army of the *Persian* frey
Whom *Xerxes* did command to whip the Sea
Because she did their Forces disobey.
But what Prince deify'd is he that there
Leads up the Van thro' untrod devious Air,
Whose Presence does so like an Emerald shine,
Whose aspect glitters as of Chrystalline,
And ev'ry Gesture renders him Divine?
God, the Creator both of Earth and *Heaven*,
Who by his Greatness to himself has given
Essence *Before all Worlds* in *Chaos* lay
And so continues to Eternity.
He the Cheif Prince of all, rules Princes here,
Discerns their Secrets, what their Actions are;
Can by his Bounty raise 'em to a Crown,
And by his Justice eas'ly pull them down.
Tho' he can veiw the Earth and all its Caves,
See which are Free-born Sons and which born Slaves,
And can with Equity diffuse his Grace
More unto *Sarah*'s than to *Hagar*'s Race;

Yet that great King does not reſide below
Subject, as we are, unto Grief and Woe:
But *Heaven*'s the Glorious Throne he ſits upon
To ſway the World and bear Dominion.
His Preſence there expels whatever's dull,
And makes it moſt conſpicuous and full
Of rapturous Glory and *Elyſian* lights
He's the Superlative of all Delight:
Moſt ravilhing Pleaſures do in him commence.
Their Noble and benignous Influence.
In pleaſing Streams flow from his ſhining Eye
(Like liquid Pearl) of Sympathetic Joy
The trueſt Bliſs, yet with a dazling ſhew
Of Light *which no man can approach unto.*
There's none can reach that hight of Happineſs
Whilſt they continue in their Mortal Dreſs.
Then ſhake it off, if you deſire to ſee
The ſhining Glory of his Majeſty.
O there's a ſight! With what a ſtrange amaze
Will you admire that Beauty! how you'l gaze!
For all *the Angels* with their quavering Wings
Covers their faces from the King of Kings,
Leſt the tranſparent Splendor of the Rays
Which his Almighty Countenance diſplays,
Shou'd by its Glorious and reſplendent Light
Make dim or dazle their Seraphic ſight.
O Raviſhment! Then Sirs, live chaſt and free
In ſpotleſs Innocence and honeſty;
For what a bleſs'd and Heav'nly abode
The pure in Heart acquire? *They ſhall ſee God:*
God in Completion as in *Heaven* he is,
The Spring, the ſource, and Fountain of all Bliſs.
But they not only to Mount Sion come
And to the Heavenly *Jeruſalem*,

Poſſeſs'd

Poſſeſs'd of Glories of that lovely Place
Giv'n of the Lord and his unerring Grace;
But t' an innumerous Society
Of an Angelic Sacred Hierarchy,
Cœleſtial Spirits, diff'rent in degree,
Which adds the Glory of the Company.
Archangels, Angels, Vertues, Powers and Thrones,
Cherubs and Seraphs and Dominions,
Princedoms and Glories, all in Luſtre ſhine
To ſhew themſelves and Company Divine.
Next, the ſweet Converſe of their Fellow-Saints,
Who liv'd in Conflict and dy'd Penitents;
Prophets and Martyrs, Complices and thoſe
Who ſuffer'd Perſecutions dreadful Woes,
Flames, Stones, and Scourges to obtain the Pow'r
They got in Chriſt at their laſt Gaſping Hour.
There is Eternal Joy; O ſee 'tis there,
The Spirit of the Juſt made perfect are!
Freed from the load of Sin, that ſo inflames
Your Guilty Conſciences with torturing Pains,
And hurries you to that Eternal Doom,
You haſt unto, but wou'd be ſaved from.
Would you be ſav'd? then put a Stop to Sin
That ſo inveigles you and lugs you in,
And ev'ry Hour you live helps to condemn
Your Wicked Souls to everlaſting Flame.
Thoſe Pious men bear ev'ry Object down
On which the World ſeem'd to exalt its Crown,
Tho' ev'ry Act in that reproachful Place
Made it to look with ſupercilious Face,
And added Perſecution to Diſgrace.
But God rewards 'em for their Miſery,
And gives them *Heav'n* and an Eternal Joy.

Now

Now last of all to Crown the Radiant Gem,
Jesus, *the advocate 'twixt God and Man*,
Who dy'd to save us from th' *Erubian* den
Is chief Companion of elected Souls,
And by his Love Eternal Joy enrolls,
In ev'ry one: Then they, *Dominion, Pow'r*,
Sing to the Trinity for evermore.

Now Sirs, will you refuse Gods generous Love
By which you may ascend to *Heaven* above,
And Peace of Conscience for remorse and Pain,
And after Death Eternity in Flame?
And rather go to the Infern abyss
Than to the Mansions of perpetual Bliss,
There with the Damned to Lament and Cry,
Rather than Sing with Saints Eternally?
And rather chuse *Apollyon* and his Crew
Than God and Angels to associate you?
You'l answer, no: But do you shun those ways
Which makes the Devils laugh, and God displease?
O there you're unrestrain'd! but forthwith bind
The careless Tresses of your wanton Mind
Up from the trifling World, if you'd attain
The matchless Beauties of a Heav'nly gain.

* "O Lord, preserve my Soul, that I may see
"The boundless Limit of felicity
"Which thou'st diffus'd on all thy chosen Race,
"That here pursu'd thy Precepts and thy ways:
"That I with them in gladness may rejoice,
"And Sing thy Praise with an Eternal Voice;
"And give that Thanks to thy Almighty Name
"Which is consistent with thy Pow'r and Fame,
"And everlasting Love.

* *Psal.* 106. *v.* 5. *Paraph.*

On

On the Perpetuity of Heavenly Joys.

How short, how light, how mutable and vain,
How transient and how wavering a gain
The World can boast of! While ev'ry foolish Lust,
Is but reverting of your mortal Dust,
To its first ashy, cinerated Dress
Of sandy, dull and earthly stupidness;
And does your nobler genuine Souls repel,
Which should to *Heaven* ascend, down into Hell.
O heavy Burden of your sensual Crimes,
They do depress and ponderate your Minds!
Go, tread 'em down and let that groveling Gust
Of monstrous Vice lie buried in the Dust;
Throw her away; for ev'ry Sin you tread
Below your Heart and Soul, exalts your Head
So many steps on that aspiring Scale
Whereon the Angels up and down did travel.
O will not you mount there, and gain the height
Of a perpetual Rapturous Delight;
Unto a Heaven, which of its self is great,
Yet makes all other Joys in one Compleat?
Nor is it just a taste of Bliss and Joy,
But free Possession to Eternity.
There's greatness, splendor, and continual peace,
Honour, & power, & wealth and sweetest bliss,
And dearer Friends than you can think or wish.
Now what wou'd you have more to crown these Joys,
But to possess them in Eternities?
All these are one, and if that one you'd gain,
Slight Vice, and only Vertue entertain.
That is the way: * "For all those Men who dye
"In Grace their Glory's immortality;

* *Euseb.*

"Their

" Their Happineſs and Joy's immutable,
" Crown'd with a Crown that's immarceſſible;
" They're Everlaſting Life, and there they reign
" With God for ever and the Lamb Supreme;
" No day is there eſcaped or paſt by
" Without its fullneſs of Content and Joy;
" A Joy that's ever new and yet the ſame,
" Glorious and free without increaſe or Wane.
Exceſſive Rapture! Who can merit this,
This endleſs Banquet of eternal Bliſs?
Where God in all his *Greatneſs* comes a Gueſt
To add the Triumph of the Glorious Feaſt,
Whoſe ſplendid *Brightneſs* darts forth ſuch a ſhine
That ſhews the Region raviſhing and Divine,
And by his Great and Sacred Majeſty,
Preſerves it in a firm *Tranquility*,
And by his glorious preſence there diſplays
Eternal *Honour* and its wiſh'd-for Bays,
From whence he does diſperſe his *Power*, and ſhow
From his abundant Love do ſweetly flow
The *Riches* of his Grace; and what therefore
Can Wealth without him do but make us poor?
From him comes all that boundleſs Joy and *Pleaſure*
Which is in *Heav'n* of an infathom'd meaſure,
With which the Heav'nly *Company* do ſing
Eternal Praiſes to their God and King,
With acclamations of Seraphic Joy
To everlaſting *Perpetuity*.
Now, Sirs, in all your Joys that are ſo gay
What can you find that will hold out one Day?
You're not content or elſe they fade away.
Yet how they keep you from aſpiring here
To thoſe eternal ones you fain wou'd ſhare!

The

The vileſt Man that lives, deſires to go
From his Impending Miſery and Woe;
Tho' rather than deſert his Sins, he'll run
The dreadful Risk of a perpetual Doom
In Fire and Faggot. O Sirs, why will you need
Thus to be courted to the Joys indeed?
If you were juſt, then God would call, *Well done,*
You faithful Servants to your Lords Joy come,
Now I'll releaſe you from your Grief and Woe,
But you ungratefully refuſe to go.
Why will you be ſo baſe, and why deſtroy
Your Souls and Bodies to Eternity?
Why will you hug your Sins and look for Bliſs
In ſuch a devious wandring Wilderneſs,
Where only ſhame, diſgrace and contempt is?
Retard that Vanity, and ſeek for Joy
That won't decay to Perpetuity.
You'll think it worth the ſearch, and find ſuch ſweets
You never taſted in your ſenſual Meats.
You'll find no ſtinging of your Conſcience there
No Racks nor Jealouſies, Remorſe nor Fear,
Nor will you ev'r ſo much as name Deſpair.
O what a eaſe! no longer then Decline
The Bliſs thro' Ignorance, and loſe your time;
Nor thro' your ſloth and Idleneſs delay
To gain that Joy *which fadeth not away,*
Reſerv'd in Heaven for you, if you obey
The wiſe Injunctions God does on you lay.
Then will you when the Lord commands you do
His Divine Precepts act contrary to,
And like inſenſibles Preverſe and Vain
Run headlong on to everlaſting Pain,
When ſweet Obedience to his Law and Word
Would give you Joy *for ever with the Lord?*

Will

Will you despise the Greatness of his Name
For everlasting Poverty and Shame;
And all the Splendor of his Glorious Throne
For an obscure and terrifying One;
And all his Riches and his Pleasure there
For Thirst and Hunger in perpetual Fire;
And that Eternal Peace which he prepares
For Grief and Roaring and continual Wars;
And all that noble Power and Liberty
For Chains and Manacles and Slavery;
And will you rather than with Saints remain
Associate Devils in eternal Pain?
Reflect on this; and wisely choose the ways
You think will gain you most triumphant Bays.
But if you think it ill to serve the Lord,
Choose this Day whom you will have ador'd.
For this is that short Day; 'tis only this,
On which depends eternal Woe or Bliss;
Before to morrow comes, for ought you know
You must to an impartial Judgment go.
Then if you think Hell is a place of ease,
Post on your Senses thro' the sensual Seas,
That is a Tide will carry you away.
With little Trouble to the *Stygian* Bay.
But as for me, and all who do rely
Upon God's Mercy for eternal Joy,
Will measure ev'ry step, and only tread
Where first his Precepts do advise and lead;
Trusting that he of his abundant Grace
Will keep our Souls from all infernal ways,
And at the last conduct us to his Throne:
To whom be Glory and Dominion,
AMEN.

FINIS.